

# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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## THE LITTLE SHIP THAT SAILED AWAY

See  
Page  
Eleven

### THE MYSTERIOUS MR DANIELSEN

DENMARK KEPT GUESSING

Epidemic of Giving That is  
Electrifying the Country

#### GENEROSITY IS CATCHING

A curious epidemic, hitherto unknown by the medical faculty, has been raging in Denmark in the past few weeks, an epidemic of giving.

It started with the visit to a medical research society in Copenhagen of an unknown person who handed over 10,000 crowns for the society's aims. Asked for his name and address, he replied his name was Danielsen and that he lived in Odense, in Kongen's Street.

A natural curiosity led the society's manager to make inquiries about this generous giver. To his surprise he learned that no person of that name lived at the address given.

#### Excited Expectation

A few days later a similar society received a similar visit, and was also given 10,000 crowns; but this time no questions were asked of the visitor.

Soon the papers began to publish news of other money gifts received by charitable organisations in the provinces. These gifts invariably came by postal order and the name of the sender was always Danielsen. A fever of excited expectation began to spread about. Who was Danielsen? Where would this wonderful shower of gifts end?

It has not ended yet. On the contrary, it has gone on increasing, so that it is becoming more and more probable that the legendary Danielsen is no longer one person but many—an uncountable multitude of generous givers who have been fired by his example and now use his name as a shield against publicity.

#### The Spreading Wave

It is like a wave overrunning the entire country—a wave of beneficence which is not confined to public organisations, but brings its blessing also to private individuals. Modest homes are electrified by the postman's knock, and find themselves the recipients of a money order signed by "Mr Danielsen." Children, new-made mothers, dowerless girls, invalids, all are remembered; and the giver is always Danielsen.

Generosity is catching. Far from waiting for the manna of charity to fall upon them, the poor have themselves become benefactors, and it seems as if no one were so badly off that he cannot pass on something to a still poorer neighbour.

In fact, for the moment the millennium seems to have come in Denmark. And if it does not last for ever—what epidemic does?—it will at any rate have made thousands of people very much happier than they were before.



FEEDING THE BIRDS IN HYDE PARK

### WILL THE STORKS COME BACK?

The Start of Their Long Flight South

MANY readers of the CN in the south of England have been keeping a keen look-out for the storks belonging to the Haslemere Museum, which left their nests over a fortnight ago, bound, it was believed, for France and Africa.

But they were loth to leave our hospitable shores like those other

*Wild birds that change  
Their season in a night, and wait their way  
From cloud to cloud down the long wind.*

Instead of crossing the Channel forthwith, most of the storks flew from one haunt of Tennyson, who wrote these lines, to another, and alighted on the Isle of Wight, which is right on the emigration route of our normal bird visitors. There they spent many hours on a roof and were fed with raw fish.

But they were reluctant to attempt the Channel; perhaps there was a fog, or perhaps the wind was too strong. A group of them made their way toward Land's End, where they settled down

for the night after a meal of pilchards, eagerly supplied to them. On their journey they had dropped in on South Brent, where one was captured, but released a few hours later. Their visit to the West Country caused great excitement and some lucky people took their photographs.

Two of the storks, however, wandered away from their companions and raided the cornfields near Eton, a sign that they were very hungry. Another flew as far north as Lytham in Lancashire, and inspected the cricket pitch there. Two are known to have perished, one having crashed into telegraph wires and been mercifully put to death. Two others spent last Sunday at St Leonards, where they were watched by holidaymakers.

We are pleased to record that the camera rather than the gun has been pointed at these visitors, who, we hope, will return to England next year and establish an annual breeding ground.

### A VILLAGE AFRAID

Heroic Rector Driven  
To a Hut

#### LAST DAYS OF BRAVE WILLIAM MOMPESSEON

The people of Derbyshire have been remembering the heroic rector of Eyam and his wife, William and Catherine Mompesson. Thousands of people visited the village on Sunday to take part in the annual service commemorating the deliverance of the village from plague in 1666.

All the world has heard the wonderful story of how the plague arrived at Eyam in a tailor's parcel from London, and how the brave rector and his wife persuaded the people to shut their village off from the world so that the neighbouring villages might be saved from infection. The people responded nobly, and died in their hundreds. It is one of the stories of real life that make novels seem poor, dull things.

#### No Bells Ringing

When it was all over, and most of the villagers were in their graves, the brave Catherine among them, William Mompesson was left alone, and what happened then is something not usually told as part of this great story.

This heroic man was made rector of Eakring in Nottinghamshire, and we can almost imagine the rejoicing of the people when the hero came to them. We can imagine the bells ringing, the lanes decked with flowers, the people gathered round their little church to receive so great a man. But it was not like that. There were no bells ringing. There were no people to welcome him. The church was locked. *The village was afraid of its hero.* William Mompesson was shunned like the plague itself, and driven to live in a hut in a park outside the village, and to preach at some remote place to such as dared to come to listen to him. It is one of the most pitiful stories we remember in the annals of our countryside.

#### A Landmark in History

The story of Eyam is for ever a landmark in the history of Courage and Sacrifice, the qualities which endure whatever else passes away. It is a landmark also in the history of plague and superstition, the things that cannot endure the full light of day. Plague has been conquered, and as for superstition, it is almost dead except for a few silly people who will not wear opals, or walk under ladders, or look at the moon through glass, or sit down with twelve friends. We must link all these (and those motorists who hang little rag dolls in their cars) as having the same poor minds as the people of Eakring who, because they believed the plague to have been a supernatural visitation, were afraid of their brave rector.



## THE UGLY CHARING CROSS BRIDGE

### NEW CHANCE TO GET RID OF IT

#### Big Opportunity For a London Transport Revolution

#### REPORT WHICH MUST BE ACTED ON

London has been presented with a great chance of ridding itself of the disgrace of Charing Cross.

It gave away its beautiful bridge to adorn the Avon at Clifton and set up a hideous one in its place.

Now it has another opportunity of crowning the dignity of the Thames with a bridge worthy of the very centre of the travelling world.

We may be sure that at last this thing will be done and the long tragedy of the bridges ended. Our energetic Minister of Transport has the chance of his life to cover himself and London with a new fame and glory.

#### Central London's Growing Traffic

In their report the London and Home Counties Traffic Committee have pointed out without qualification that a road bridge with adequate approaches is needed at this point on the river. Not only is it needed to cope with the traffic of today, but to provide for the future growth of the traffic in Central London. The removal of Charing Cross Station to the south bank was not, they declare, practical. They therefore advocate a new bridge on which there will be room for five railway tracks and a road with sidewalks.

After crossing the river the road would bend away from the railway to open on the south into a roundabout where Stamford Street joins Waterloo Road, and on the north into a roundabout where Agar Street runs into the Strand. For the construction of these two roundabouts and for the road across the river many buildings would have to be pulled down; and this is not all, for the prime purpose of the new bridge is to relieve the traffic passing from north to south through the heart of London.

#### A Three-Miles Artery

With this in mind the Committee propose that a wide and continuous road be constructed from Euston Road to the roundabout in the Strand, and that from the southern roundabout Waterloo Road should be widened, and that on its route to the south its junctions with other roads should be improved as far as, and including, that at the Elephant and Castle. Thus a great artery would run for three miles through what is today a very congested part of London. It would relieve parallel streets of much of their traffic and prevent Trafalgar Square from becoming a problem in the near future.

It is admitted that the cost will be enormous, but it is a scheme which in the long run would be well worth while.

## PLAIN SPEAKING

### Cruelty That Must Be Stopped

The chaplain of Roedean School, Mr Bruce Cornford, has been speaking plainly at a sportsman's service.

He told of a fox taking refuge in a cottage chimney from the hunters and of a fire being lit to bring it out. He told of stags being chased over hill and dale until they fell "with their lungs bursting."

They call it sportsmanship, said Mr Cornford, but there is nothing in the nature of sport, nothing but a filthy cruelty which should be stopped at once. The feeblest rubbish he had ever heard about this so-called sport was that the animals enjoy it.

## THE GERMAN ARMY

### Military Service Doubled in the Fatherland

#### HITLER'S NEW DECREE

In a Decree but a few lines long Herr Hitler has imposed two years of military service on the youth of his country, instead of one.

The explanation offered by his supporters is that the low birth-rate during the war years will fail to complete the forces required under the existing law. It was an irony that the first conscripts to be called to the colours under that law were those born in 1914, though men born in 1915, the first year with a birth-rate lowered by the war, were liable as well.

But the German army was not ready to absorb them, and not even all the 1914 class were called up. During the past year, however, great barracks have been built all over the country, while its youth have been subjected to a less rigorous discipline in labour camps.

In conscript countries there is always a period when the strength of their forces is at a low level. In Germany it is October, when the untrained conscripts arrive and the fully-trained men return to civil life. The new decree will obviate that weakness this year, though it has been partly met by this year's conscripts volunteering for a second year. Their number is not known, but it is believed that the German army now numbers 550,000. French authorities believe the number to be much higher, and point to their own total of some 650,000, which includes the colonial forces overseas.

## STRANGE TALE FROM BENGAL

### Famous Case Recalled

A case of identity has been perplexing the judges at Dacca in Bengal for nearly three years, and they have now declared that a man who was recorded as dead in 1909 stood alive before them and was heir to a fortune.

The trial was amazing, for the wife of the claimant was unable to recognise her long-lost husband, declaring that the man was an impostor.

His name is Sannyasi, and he came before the court claiming to be the second son of Raja Bahadur, who had died leaving an estate worth £60,000 a year. He stated that an attempt was made to poison him at Darjeeling in 1909. While he was in a state of coma, he continued, his body was placed on a funeral pyre; but its bearers, terrified by a storm, fled before setting it alight.

Some wandering holy men, called Naga Sanyasis, found him unconscious on the pyre and revived him, and he joined them and remained with them till 1922.

The chief defendant was the woman supposed to be his wife; but she declared that her husband had been cremated in 1909, and that the plaintiff was an impostor. The judges decided against her, after hearing 1500 witnesses and seeing 2000 exhibits, so that the man's strange story has been accepted as true by the judges but not by the wife.

There was a famous case like it in England last century, the Tichborne Case, but the judges decided that Tichborne was an impostor and he died discredited.

The tonnage of the vessels using the Port of London in 1935 was more than double that of the years immediately following the war.

Some 1500 statutes relating to India have been overhauled as a result of the India Act. Contained in 40 volumes, they will be placed as a Draft Order before Parliament for its formal approval.

## A CRY IN SPAIN

### DEATH TO THE LADRONES

#### The Story of a Word on the Map of the World

#### A PREDECESSOR OF DRAKE

A cry comes out of Spain which stirs memories of a great event. With the breakdown of law and order beggared men have turned brigands, and the watchword goes forth against them, "Death to the ladrones!"

Ladron is the Spanish word, for thief, and, bearing that meaning, it appears on the map of the world as the name of a group of islands in the Pacific, given to the islands by the first white men who visited them.

It was March 1521 when Ferdinand Magellan, on that marvellous voyage which took his ships for the first time round the world, sighted the islands with joy and thankfulness, not having seen land for 98 days, so that he and all his men were starving.

The islanders rowed out in their boats to greet him, men armed only with bone-tipped spears, yet navigating their simple skiffs with agility.

When Magellan dropped anchor the natives cut loose and made off with the boat under his prow; they swarmed over the ships and stole all they could lay their hands on. There was no withstanding them until the artillery of the ships was turned on them, after which they became docile with terror, and provisioned the ships with fruit and vegetables and all they had to offer.

#### Isles of the Lateen Sails

The men who helped to quell them represented the England of Henry the Eighth, for Master Andrew of Bristol was master gunner of the flagship. Either the privations attending the voyage before the islands were reached, or the fighting there deprived him of the immortal fame of being the first Englishman to sail round the world. Master Andrew died as they raised anchor and sailed from the Ladrones.

Magellan called the islands the Isles of the Lateen Sails, from the number of canoes so rigged; but the historian of the voyage wrote of the people: "They are poor but ingenious, but above all ladrones, thieves, and so for that reason we called these islands the Ladrones, or Robber Islands."

To us their sea is precious of memory as the grave of valiant Master Andrew, our first great sailor, who sailed the Pacific 51 years before Drake, beheld it with wondering eyes, and "besought Almighty God of His goodness to give him life and leave to sail that sea in an English ship."

## WHO WILL ADMINISTER THE LAW?

### Serious Aspect of the Road Peril

We take these reports from the same issue of The Times, and may be excused for wondering how we can ever make our roads safe.

Mr Basil Watson, K.C., magistrate at North London Police Court:

*Unless speeding stops I am going to stamp it out myself. I shall fine offenders £10 and £20 the first time, and if necessary £50 on a second conviction. It is most dangerous and I am going to stamp it out.*

Mr Herbert Metcalfe, magistrate at Old Street Police Court (to a driver charged with theft who said he stole to pay £2 fine for speeding):

*Do you mean to say the justices fined you £2 for a first offence? It seems to me that it is a scandalous thing to fine a working fellow £2 for his first offence. It is a perfectly ridiculous fine. You will be discharged. You are a perfectly respectable and decent fellow.*

## THE QUEEN MARY

### Britain Wins Back the Blue Riband

The Atlantic has been crossed in less than four days and, in steaming at an average speed of 30.63 knots on her homeward voyage, the Queen Mary has set up a new record, winning the Blue Riband for this country after seven years.

The Queen Mary had already beaten the westward record by steaming from Bishop Rock to the Ambrose Lightship at a speed of 30.14 knots. The French liner Normandie held both the records, having wrested the Blue Riband from the Italian liner Rex in June last year. The Normandie's record was 30.31 knots.

The previous British ship to hold the Riband was the Mauretania, which with a speed of 26 knots was the fastest liner in the world for 22 years.

## A WALL OF THE ANCIENT BRITONS

Striking evidence of the great sense of security which the Romans gave to the people of Britain has been brought to light by the excavators of Maiden Castle. This city on a hill was protected by a wall containing blocks of stone, some weighing a quarter of a ton.

Masses of this wall have been found on the surface of the actual road used by the ancient inhabitants of the city, indicating that they destroyed it deliberately, perhaps as a symbol of joy when they moved in mass into the town of Dorchester which they had built under Roman guidance in the valley below.

Picture on page 3

## THE PEN OF PEACE

A gold pen presented to one of the Egyptian delegates by the Young Men's Waldest Association was used by four Prime Ministers of Egypt in signing the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of Alliance last week. Two of the former Prime Ministers had suffered exile for their opinions, but all was forgotten in the Locarno room in Whitehall in the prospect of a peace which will be loyally observed by all parties in Egypt and in Britain.

## A GOOD FRIEND AND NEIGHBOUR

Irak has shown that she has not forgotten her indebtedness to this country, which was once her Mandatory Power, and secured her full sovereignty and a seat on the League.

Her rulers have acted as peacemakers between the Arabs of Palestine and our representatives there, convincing the Arab leaders that their grievances will be sympathetically considered by us.

## THINGS SAID

Children born today come into a healthier world than we have ever known. The Minister of Health

Some of our great London daily papers are not more than variety entertainments.

Birmingham's Libraries Inspector

No doubt some pedestrians and pedal cyclists are careless, but it is the person in charge of the motor vehicle who deals out death. The Bishop of Ely

The internal politics of Spain are the concern of the people of Spain. But the mitigation of suffering is the concern of us all. Mr Eden

The entire economic structure of the world is expressed in four words on a Bank of England note: I promise to pay. Harold Fisher

When I am inclined to be pessimistic I always console myself by thinking what King George meant to the world, and the immense power which dutifulness and kindness can have over the hearts and imagination of mankind. Lord Tweedsmuir

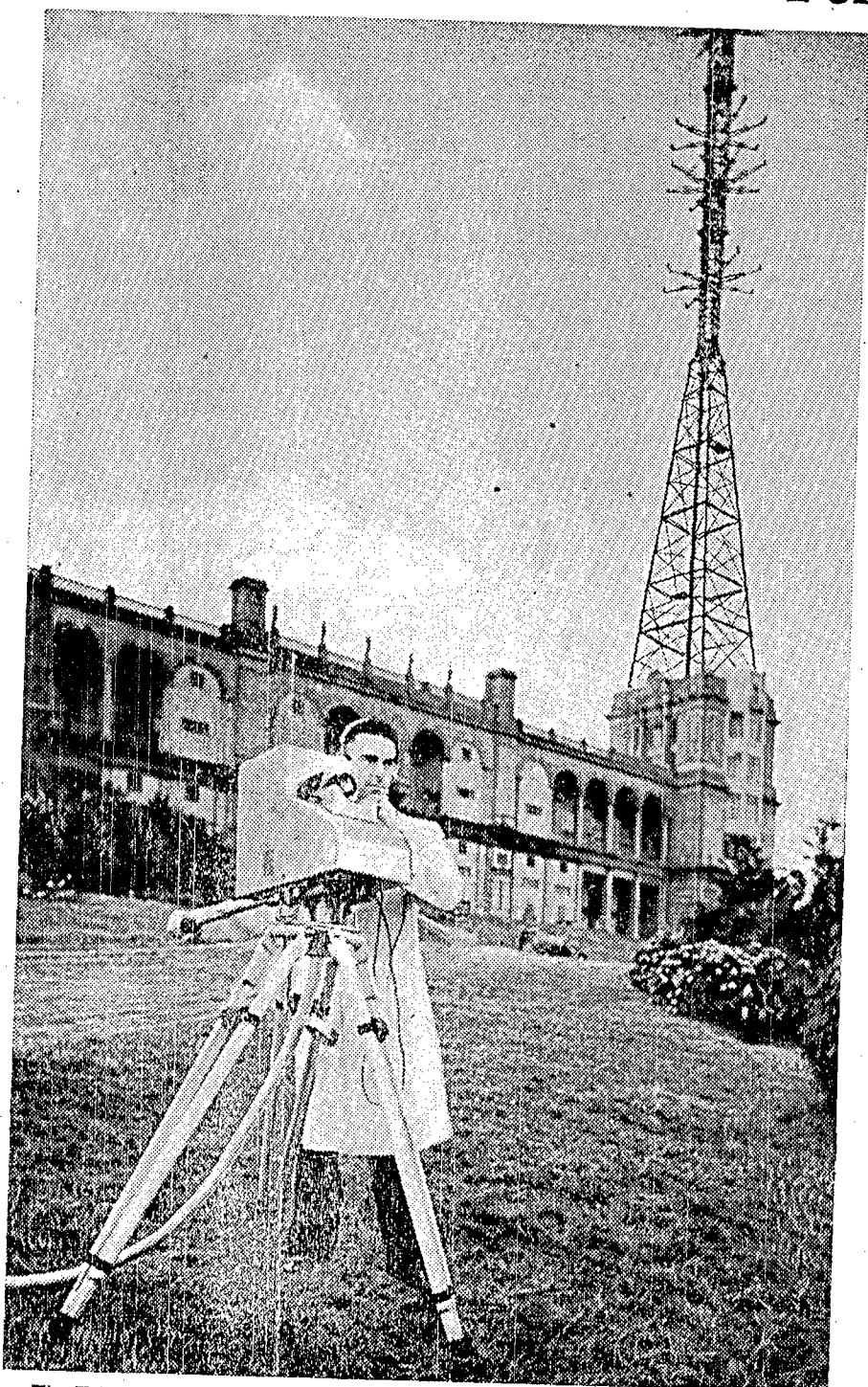


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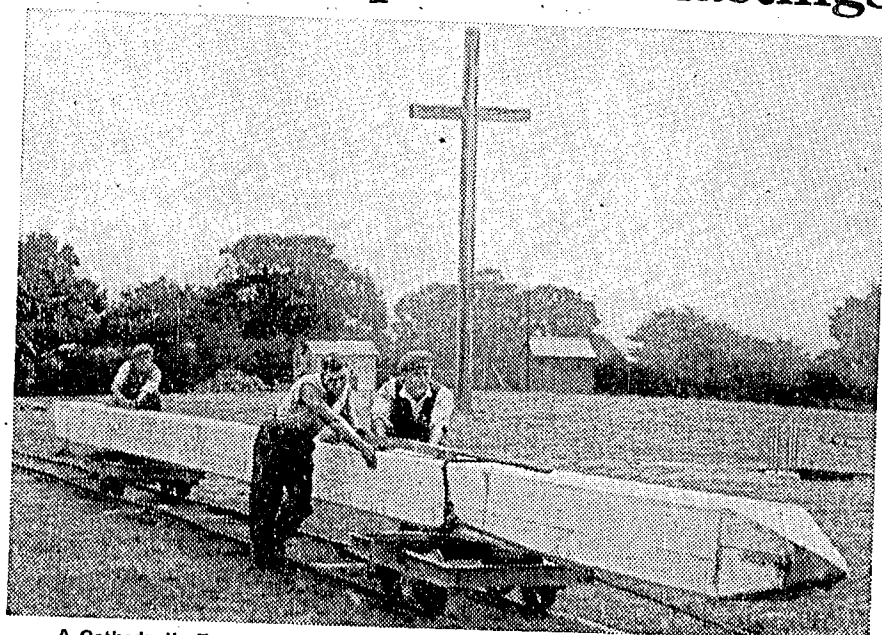
The Children's Newspaper

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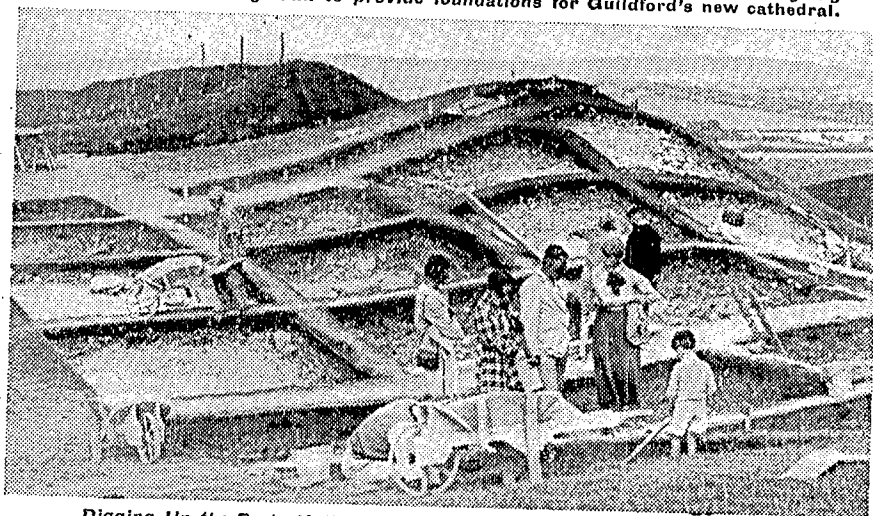
# Cathedral's Foundations • Television • Conqueror at Hastings



**The Television Eye**—The remarkable camera which scans a scene to be broadcast from the Alexandra Palace Television Station, the mast of which is shown. See page 9.



**A Cathedral's Foundations**—Five hundred concrete piles like this, each weighing five tons, are being sunk to provide foundations for Guildford's new cathedral.



**Digging Up the Past**—Holiday-makers interested in the excavations taking place at Maiden Castle, the wonderful prehistoric fortress near Dorchester.



**A London Roof-Garden**—A midday rest on the top of Adelaide House.



**The Conqueror at Hastings Castle**—William the First at the Hastings Pageant.



## SEE FOR YOURSELVES

### 1000 FILMS FOR HIRE

#### Imperial Institute's Free Kinema and Picture Library

#### A FINE WAY TO SEE THE EMPIRE

After the crowds and the queues at our palatial kinemas it was pleasant to enter, the other day, a cool little place where the only other members of the audience were two boys far away in a row in front.

To this audience of three was shown a most entertaining programme. They watched fishermen in canoes shooting the rapids of a Canadian river, and listened to them singing to each other as they kept their cockleshells afloat in a turmoil of water far exceeding the speed limit of any English river.

#### Daily Performances

Then the scene changed to deeper waters off British Columbia, and showed the various ways men catch the salmon which come to us in tins. The small boys wriggled uncomfortably during the next film, probably feeling that it was getting a little too near home, for it showed the bringing up of Jim and Bill, the right way and the wrong way, a film prepared under the eye of the National Baby Council. Then one-third of the audience had to leave, but the other two-thirds stayed on, engrossed in a film showing the process of glass-making, from sand to crystal vase.

The two boys had paid a penny for their seats; grown-ups pay threepence, and parties from schools or clubs are welcomed free in the Imperial Institute's kinema at South Kensington, where there are daily performances from 10.15 to 11.35 in the morning, from 2.15 to 3.35 in the afternoon, and from 2.45 to 5.45 on Sundays.

#### Pictures Come To Life

It is not usually as empty as we found it, for three-quarters of a million people last year discovered what a fine way this is of seeing life all over the Empire. First we may look at the still-life displays in the Institute's galleries, and then we can go inside the little kinema and see them all come to life.

The Imperial Institute is begging Governments and organisations to keep its kinema up to date with such films, for, though it already has over 1000 films in its library (where it houses also the Post Office films and those inherited from the Empire Marketing Board), it does a tremendous business in hiring them out, and has about 3000 names on its list of borrowers. Any of the films may be hired free of charge except for the carriage to and fro, and more and more schools, institutes, and clubs are taking advantage of this unique film library, and geography lessons are considerably brighter in consequence.

#### From Capetown To Cairo

In the catalogue, which is to be had for threepence from the Secretary of the Empire Film Library, Imperial Institute, South Kensington, SW 7, the films are listed under countries. We may travel with one film from Capetown to Cairo by rail and car and river.

We may go down a coalmine in Britain in another, round up bison in Canada, go harvesting in Australia, take a car ride among the wild beasts in the Kruger National Park, or spend a day with the Zulus, visit the Papuans in their houses on stilts, or the rice-planters in Burma. We may see birds at home on rock and shore, and strange things under the water. Though some of the later films are talkies, most of them are silent, and they are to be had in sizes to fit various projectors.

Here is a grand opportunity to see the Empire and the ways of men and creatures in far-away places. Let us hope the Dominions and the Colonies will send home a lot more of these moving pictures for the family album.

## BIG STEEL BOOM

### All Records Broken

The sad iron and steel slump of 1930-1932, when the output of British furnaces was halved in three years, has been followed by a splendid revival. A glorious industry is not only on its feet again, but doing better than ever.

To realise what has happened we must recall that, whereas in 1929 the British monthly output of steel was 800,000 tons, in 1932 it fell to 438,000 tons.

This meant great distress and unemployment in a noble trade which is the very foundation of work. When iron goes out of use it means that a thousand other trades, from coal to cotton, must be languishing. With iron, and especially with iron in the form of steel, man has conquered the world. To lay down this mighty tool, as all the world did after 1929, was to resign endeavour.

#### A Million Tons a Month

As the C N has so often pointed out, whatever the state of the world at large, nothing stood between our steelworks and our home markets, and that a thousand things needing steel called for execution.

Given encouragement by the Government, British steel has more than recovered. In July the output reached nearly 975,000 tons: nearly a million tons in a month.

If we look back at the old records we find that British iron and steel had absolute supremacy down to about 1885, but after that first America and then Germany left us in the rear. By 1905 America produced enormously more and Germany much more than Britain. The American advantage was a natural one, for the coal and iron resources of the United States are by far the greatest in the world. The German lead is not thus to be explained, for there was, and is, no reason why Britain should not produce as much as Germany.

#### Steel For Peace

We may therefore believe that the revival of British iron may go farther. The nation, the Empire, the world at large, needs much more metal in a thousand forms, and few nations are in a position to produce it on a large scale. Britain is one of the three or four lands naturally fitted to supply iron for the world's needs. This should be widely realised and acted upon. We ought not to be afraid to pull down our barns and build greater.

Now there is a special demand for steel for guns, rifles, warships, and for machinery to make these things. Beyond that, fortunately, lies a great need for steel for bridges, railways, ships, machine tools, engines, pipes, buildings.

The steel revival has brought new life to thousands of homes. The gallant company of iron-smelters, who do such glorious work, has fewer members looking for work. But there are still some thousands lacking employment.

#### TELEVISION SET FOR 7s 8d

Thousands of pounds have been spent this summer on the television apparatus which has been set up in the Alexandra Palace, but the first apparatus used by Mr J. L. Baird cost only 7s 8d!

This cheap forerunner of the marvel which has been drawing thousands to Olympia can now be seen at the Science Museum at South Kensington, to which it has been presented by Mr Baird. It consists of some discarded parts of an old bicycle, cocoa tins, lenses from bull's-eye lanterns, sealing-wax, and string—a collection which may be seen in any junkshop.

Who can foretell how many millions will be spent on the television apparatus of which this historic set is the first?

A walnut tree cut down in Queensland has yielded £1150 in the sale of its timber.

The next world Jamboree of Scouts is to be held in Holland next year.

## AN EMPTY CONTINENT

### While Growing Nations Are Hungry For New Land AN INTERNATIONAL SCANDAL?

Australia is sharply divided on the population question.

Still she has only 6,700,000 people, or say 1,600,000 families, in an area of nearly three million square miles, a number so small that, when allowance is made for desert, the island continent must be judged to have made small vital progress in a century:

Of the 6,700,000 nearly half live in the capital cities.

One extreme voice, that of Mr T. C. Rentoul, head of the Methodist Inland Mission, after a tour of Australia such as few men have made, declares that the empty north is "an international scandal." He declares he travelled thousands of miles through luxurious grass. A German authority, Professor Geisler, also after a special tour, puts the Australian population capacity as from 150 to 200 millions. Mr H. L. Wilkinson, on the other hand, declares that 23 millions is the limit.

Mr Menzies, the Australian Federal Attorney-General, says that 20 millions should be aimed at in the near future. Mr Curtin, the Opposition leader at Canberra, declares that "Australia's doors are freely open to British migrants coming at their own expense and willing to identify themselves with the life of an ordinary citizen of Australia."

#### The Bigger Australia View

Confused by such varied utterances, Australian public opinion appears to move slowly, but yet to the bigger Australia view. We hope it may be so: this is the view the C N has always taken. The human stage in Australia is at present occupied by a comedy; it may see a tragedy if Australia remains empty in the face of a world growing rapidly, and hungry for good land.

The Melbourne Age invites British manufacturers to establish factories in Australia under the protective tariff, which will create the industrial conditions likely to attract the best type of immigrant. The paper complains that such enterprise was checked by the Ottawa Agreement, which "enabled the British manufacturer to export commodities instead of factories," thus postponing the realisation of a bigger Australian population.

It is, of course, easy enough for Australia to open her door to all white nations. If she fears an overwhelming rush of people let her arrange an annual maximum, if of only 100,000, to be shared by such white nations as care to avail themselves of it. We commend the suggestion to Canberra.

## POULTRY MONGER NONSENSE

### Eggs and the Harvest

Poultry farmers may be interested in the explanation given by a London firm to one of our grown-up readers who, ordering best new-laid eggs, received eggs decidedly otherwise.

It is harvest time, was the answer, and all hands are mustered to gather the crops, so possibly the eggs are not collected as regularly as they should be.

The problem is three or four hundred years old and always recurs at this time of the year, it was said. No guarantee as to an egg's newness could be offered, but the firm would gladly exchange all eggs of dubious age.

The C N begs leave to consider the answer the utterest nonsense, wherever it comes from.

The ground rentals of Regent Street are £520,000 a year; before the war they were £44,000.

## NEWS OF GREAT IMPORTANCE

### IRON FRAMES OF BUILDINGS

#### Huge Structures Set Up With Too Little Knowledge

#### IMMENSE SAVING POSSIBLE

After seven years of investigation a Government Research Committee has presented an important report on the structure of steel-framed buildings.

Until this committee was set up, much of this steel construction was carried out on guesswork principles. It is a new factor in building, and everything has to have a beginning: like Saxon architecture with its walls too high and thin, and like the marvellous Norman pillars made by men who did not understand how to get rigidity and strength without enormous bulk. It seems that our steel-builders have been using an unnecessary quantity of steel and putting it in the wrong places.

The report of the Committee should profoundly affect the practice in these directions, for by following a code now drawn up it will be possible to save 20 per cent of steel, and, by attention to details set forth with regard to safeguards against horizontal wind-pressures, a strength previously unattainable will be assured.

#### An Astonishing Fact

The predecessors of the builders of steel-framed structures, the first men who incorporated iron in the masonry they raised, were necessarily working much in the dark. They bound their blocks of stone with iron and thought that both would remain imperishable. But rust comes to iron under varying conditions of temperature, and causes expansion and the splitting of the stone which the metal should bind, and the consequence is disastrous.

When St Paul's Cathedral was found to be in danger 15 years ago examination revealed the astonishing fact that corrosion of the metal in the dome had displaced the stone and raised the entire dome three-quarters of an inch, imperilling the stability of the whole structure. The Wren towers of Westminster Abbey were also found to be endangered from a similar cause.

We cannot know too much about the materials with which we work. One astounding thing we do know is that the Crystal Palace, with its iron and glass, is ten inches longer in summer than in winter, with the result that it is impossible to store there pictures and articles of great artistic value.

## A FAMOUS OLD LADY

### Madame Adam of France

Paris has lost a very great lady; Madame Juliette Lambert Adam has died within a few weeks of attaining her 100th birthday.

In the great days of the French Empire her salon was the gathering ground of the most famous men in France. She knew Gambetta, Victor Hugo, Wagner, and had spoken to people who saw the execution of Louis the Sixteenth. In the German siege of 1871 she lived on straw bread, and once shared a meal of an elephant's trunk from the Zoo.

She never forgot those days, but she lived to see a day of triumph, when Clemenceau invited her to the signing of the Peace at Versailles.

#### TO EVERYONE

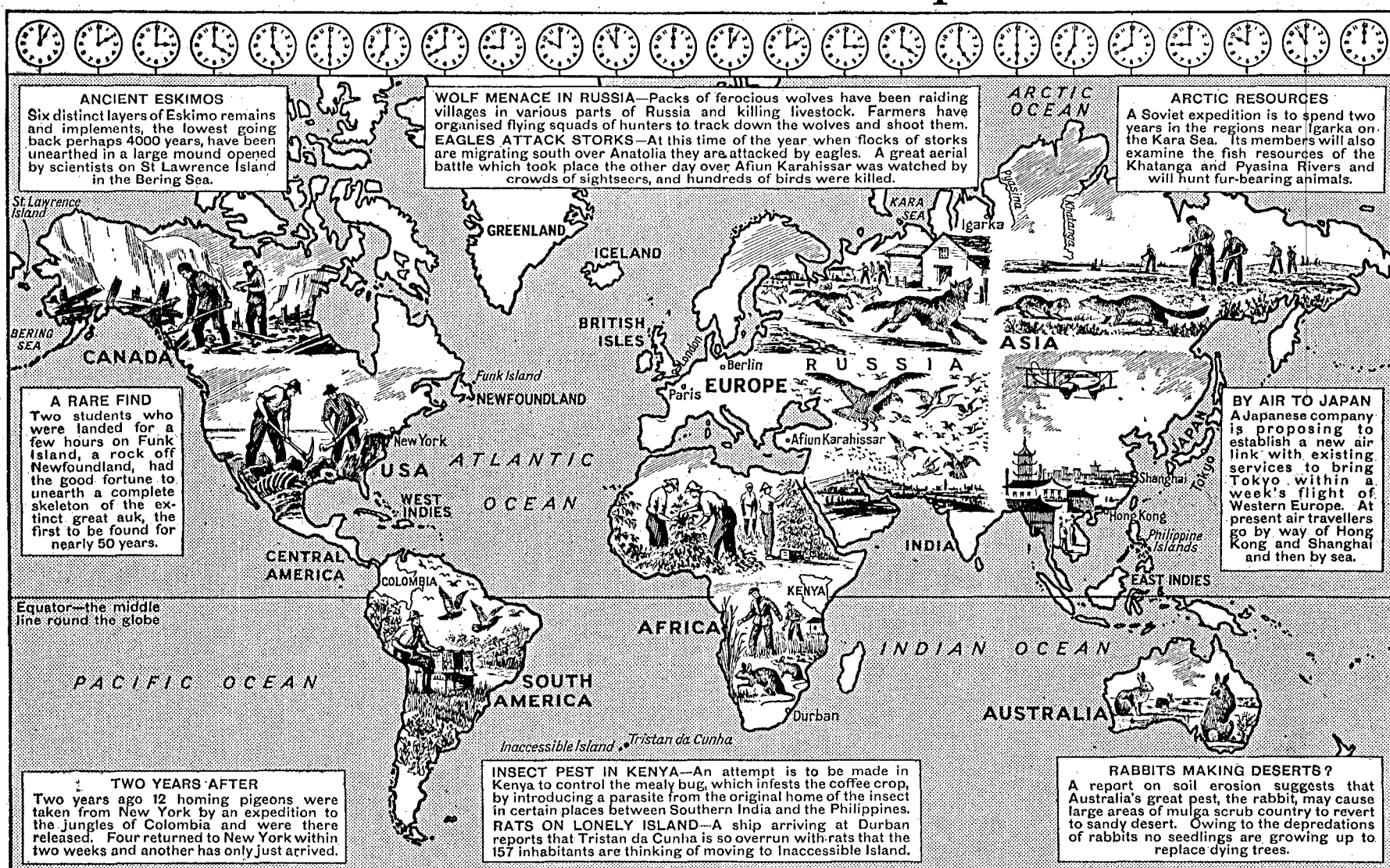
Stop, look, and listen before you cross the street;

Use your eyes, use your ears, and then use your feet;

And Cross by the Safeway



# CN Picture-News and Time Map of the World



## SOYA BEAN FINDS A NEW HOME

### America in the Market

America has discovered the soya bean, and it has done it in a big way.

Early this summer soya beans grown in the Mississippi Valley were offered on the London market for the first time. They were £1 a ton cheaper than beans from Manchuria. And they were better beans. Shortly after, cables arrived in Manchuria cancelling orders for 10,000 tons of soya beans.

The useful soya bean has been at home in North China for centuries. The average yearly crop in Manchuria now is some four million tons. American farmers began experimenting with this crop seven years ago; already their output amounts to a million tons. This is the first year they have exported any.

Bean culture in America is quite different from bean culture in Manchuria because of the wide use of machinery. In extracting the oil the Orientals crack the bean and heat and press it, while the Americans dissolve the oil out by a chemical process.

Canadian farmers are also becoming interested in the bean, which makes the paint for motor-cars.

If North America should become the chief soya bean producing continent it is more than probable that Japan's interest in the bleak, wind-swept stretches of Manchuria will wane, as neither the climate nor the living conditions there are of the sort that attracts Japanese settlers.

## WRECKS OF 1935

The perils of the sea show no diminution. Last year no fewer than 213 steamers and motor-ships of all nations were totally lost. Their tonnage was 269,728. The British losses were 47 vessels of 71,240 tons.

These totals cover ships wrecked, foundered, burnt, lost in collision, or reported missing.

## PLENTY OF APPLES

### Where Are the Best Kinds Grown?

It is good news that our apple crop this year is exceedingly good, and in striking contrast to the disaster of last year, when we had to rely so largely on imported supplies.

Someone said in 1935 that apples were so dear that if it took an apple a day to keep the doctor away it would be cheaper to have the doctor!

Opinions differ as to where the best apples are grown. Some declare it needs hot summers such as those of the United States and Canada to ripen apples properly. Others are certain there is nothing to equal the flavour of an English apple.

Mr H. V. Taylor, the Horticultural Commissioner to the Ministry of Agriculture, has written an interesting study of the subject in his book *The Apples of England*. He shows how England has stocked the world with fine varieties.

Thus the Blenheim Orange originated at Woodstock and in 1818 was represented by a single tree of unknown origin. The prolific cooking apple Bramley's Seedling was originated by a Mr Bramley of whom nothing else seems to be on record. That king of apples Cox's Orange Pippin was first raised by a retired brewer, Mr Cox, a century ago; now it is world famous and always dear to buy. One of the oldest apples is the Pearmain, which dates back to 1204.

The apple is native throughout Europe and Western Asia and grows even in high latitudes. Some varieties seem to have been introduced by the Romans, to be glorified and exported again centuries later to many lands.

And how beautiful is an apple tree! How strange it is that still we find apple trees largely confined to orchards and kitchen gardens.

## A GOLD HOAX

### Discovered After 50 Years

We advise those of our readers who happen to go to Blackburn Museum during the next few weeks to keep off the subject of gold, if they wish to be tactful.

Above all they should be warned not to murmur, even under their breath. All that glitters is not gold, for the museum authorities know it only too well.

For the last 50 years they have proudly displayed a bright object labelled *Nugget of Pure Australian Gold*. It weighed over seven ounces, and, with gold going up to as much as 144 shillings an ounce, it was a fearful temptation to the authorities. At last they fell. They decided to turn their nugget of pure Australian gold into a lot of honest English pennies for the benefit of the museum.

They registered the precious nugget and sent it to a firm of assayers in London to hear just how much they could expect for it. They opened the assayer's report. Your nugget, it said, is made up entirely of brazier's metal and lead and has no gold in it whatsoever.

No longer do the museum authorities wonder how much they might get for the nugget; instead they wonder who it was who so successfully hoaxed the Blackburn City Fathers half a century ago, and wish they could get him. There seems to be no clue to the hoaxer; but in the meantime it is just as well to avoid the subject altogether.

## NEW WORK FOR THE MAJESTIC

Her days of service are not ended for the *Majestic*, though this 56,000-ton liner will cross the Atlantic no more. She has been bought by the Admiralty for conversion into a training ship for the seamen of our Navy, and will be stationed at Rosyth.

## PRODUCING MORE AND MORE

### An Encouraging Report

The Board of Trade reports that Britain is producing very much more in industry than last year. Probably our industrial output is greater now than ever before.

The official measurement is made by comparison with the year 1900. Taking that year as a standard, for every 100 units of output in 1900 we produced nearly 124 units in the June quarter of this year.

This is remarkable, for it is an increase of nearly a quarter. The facts for recent years are very striking:

The Year	1930	..	100
The Year	1934	..	106
June Quarter	1935	..	111½
December Quarter	1935	..	120½
June Quarter	1936	..	123½

This big rise is despite the misfortunes of coal, which still lags behind the old output. The biggest increases are shown by the building and metal trades.

Let us not fail to observe that more goods are being made because more of our people have the money with which to buy them. It is not making for places abroad that has produced these results, but making for the home market.

## TWO TREASURES COME HOME

People are flocking to see a bed and a tapestry which have come back to their old home at Bramhall Hall in Cheshire.

The hall is a gracious old house, one of the finest black-and-white houses of its kind in the county; and the bed is back again in what is known as the Paradise Room.

The tapestry, worked by Dame Dorothy Davenport, one of a score of generations of Davenports of Cheshire, was new 300 years ago, and shows the Fall of Man; and experts declare it to be one of the world's finest specimens of the needlecraft of the period.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 5 1936

## Who Wants a Dictator?

THERE is madness in the air of Europe, and it has touched the wits of some whose haunts are not a thousand miles away from Fleet Street. Let us think about it for a moment.

If any man wants a Dictator there are four to choose from, and in 48 hours he may lay his head on a pillow and try to sleep in any one of these Dictator lands.

Perhaps he may like the newest brand of all, the little Franco brand, the stamp of the man who would like to be the head of Spain, and is willing to shatter Spain to pieces, to bomb his own countrymen, to bring in foreign troops to slay them, to cut them down by fire and sword, in order to put himself in power.

None of the old dictators has gone as far as that.

Or there is the Russian type. Many of us have been thinking not unkindly of him, for was he not ruling in peace, building up great industries, and dreaming of a constitution that would give the Russian people something like real power? But Dictators are Dictators, and the world has seen a ghastly sight. It has seen the shooting of 16 men who began the mighty Russian Revolution, the men who gathered about the apostle Lenin. They were plotting against Dictator Stalin, and he has shot them down like dogs—as if Mr Baldwin should shoot Mr Winston Churchill after one of his angry speeches.

There is much admiration for the German type of Dictatorship. We are told that it has made the Germans into a mighty nation. It has. It has made Germany like a terror by day and a pestilence by night, bound its youth to the wheels of a military machine, made it a crime to declare your faith in God, and brought sixty million people so low that they must bow at the name of Hitler.

And there is, of course, the first of all the new Napoleons, the Italian Dictator, his shadow thrown like Fear across the land of Caesar, so that no man dare say the thing he will, no editor may print the thing he will, and to dare to raise a voice for liberty is to invite yourself to the torture of a concentration camp.

The days are dark in these Dictator lands. No man is free in any one of them. For those whose madness runs that way we wish a pleasant journey there; but for the rest of us, let us thank God that Freedom's Own Island is ours, and that in England's green and pleasant land Dictators are still our nightmares and not our dreams.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



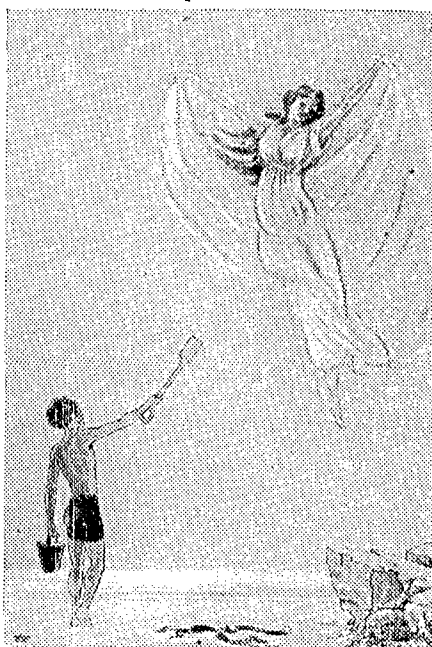
## Bloodless War

THE wars we like are those of the Olympic Games, fought for love and the glory that goes with it; or the happy contest between the Normandie and the Queen Mary.

The Queen Mary, having beaten the westward Atlantic record, went on to win the Blue Riband by beating the Normandie eastward.

With commendable sportsmanship the French officials have congratulated the Queen Mary on her exploit, while hinting that the Normandie has something in reserve to show us. So may the great contest proceed. For what, after all, are records but things to be broken?

## September



The Maid of the Mist—by J. R. Monsell

## Speedometers

WE see that speedometers are to be made compulsory. Would it not be worth while to make it compulsory that speedometers should be readable?

## The Quality of Mercy

WE hear of one more humane rebuff to those brave sporting people who must be killing something.

This time it is in West Kent, where the otter hunters have been told that they are not wanted in one of our great parks. "If a thing must be killed it shall be killed cleanly as long as I am here," says the lady of the house; and the otter hunters and the fox hunters and the stag hunters and the badger hunters, and all those unhappy people who must be killing something to be happy, find one more great estate closed against them.

The Quality of Mercy grows and grows, while cruelty passes away.

## The Straight and the Curve

Straight is the line of duty,  
Curved is the line of beauty,  
Follow the straight line  
Thou shalt see  
The curved line ever follow thee.  
Browning

## Jarrow Perseveres

THE Jarrow Town Council is to be congratulated upon its perseverance in the matter of establishing a modern steelworks at the port.

The matter is now in the hands of the Import Duties Advisory Committee, and we understand that the council will be strongly represented at their official inquiry.

Britain is producing more steel than ever before, in spite of the pessimism of great men in the industry. Our steel ambitions need not be curbed. Germany is producing far more than we are. Why not aim at 20 million tons a year?

## A Word From Shakespeare

To the Fierce Rivals in Spain

No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does. Measure for Measure

## Tip-Cat

A MAN who went in an aeroplane said he went up for a lark. We don't suppose he caught it.

It is character that tells. Usually a garrulous one.

A CONTRALTO has become a soprano. She merely sang up.

A MAN says an onion a day is as good as an apple a day. It will keep all your friends away as well as the doctor.

## Peter Puck Wants To Know

If cricket is played out



YOU can have a radio in your handbag now. One way of carrying out a new idea.

GIVE me a British film every time, says a writer. What does he do with them all?

A MAN says his first flight in the air made his hair stand up. To get a better view?



## THE BROADCASTER

C N Calling the World

THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY in Manchester has been given 30 valuable manuscripts and 3500 printed books, including 200 Bibles.

THE lives of 60,000 babies are saved by our health services every year.

## JUST AN IDEA

If you have to wonder if a thing is right or wrong, it is usually wrong.

## Charles Kingsley Watches the River Go By

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,  
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;  
Cool and clear, cool and clear,  
By shining shingle and foaming weir;  
Under the crag where the ousel sings,  
And the ivied wall where the church bell rings,  
Undeified, for the undeified;  
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

DANK and foul, dank and foul,  
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;  
Foul and dank, foul and dank,  
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank;  
Darker and darker the farther I go,  
Baser and baser the richer I grow;  
Who dare sport with the sin-deified?  
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

STRONG and free, strong and free,  
The flood-gates are open away to the sea;  
Free and strong, free and strong,  
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along  
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,  
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar;  
As I lose myself in the infinite main,  
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.  
Undeified, for the undeified;  
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

## He That Hath Dominion Over Himself

A CERTAIN person had so grievously offended Alexander that he would not forgive him.

Aristotle went to Alexander and said, "My lord, I will that this day thou shalt be more victorious than ever thou wert." Alexander answered and said, "I will." Then said Aristotle, "Thou hast subdued all the kingdoms of the world, but now this day thou art overcome. For if thou be not ruler of thyself then art thou ruled, and if thou rule thyself then art thou victorious, for he that overcometh himself is most strong."

Alexander, hearing the saying of Aristotle, remitted the offence done and was pleased. Wherefore it is written Better is a patient man than a strong man, and he that hath dominion over himself than a getter of cities.

From a chronicle of the Middle Ages

## The Prayer of a Thankful Traveller

Holy Spirit of the Great Shaper of Earth, be thou gracious to others also who ply across the Aegean brine; since even for me, chased by the Thracian hurricane, thou didst open out the calm havens to my joy.

Translated from the Greek by Professor Mackail



## THE TERROR IN RUSSIA

### Stalin, the Man of Steel, Deals With His Enemies THEY WHO TAKE THE SWORD

Russia has shown the world by terrible example that the way of the transgressor is hard.

The end of the way is not yet. The tale of transgression is not complete. These men, Zinovieff the street-corner orator, Kameneff the wavering Bolshevik who had been an ambassador, Tomskey the trade unionist, together with Smirnoff and the other lesser victims who were shot down like mad dogs, were the weaker men who could not escape from the steel jaws of the trap which Russian ruthlessness had shut down on them. When a Dictator rules he can show no mercy. He must destroy those who oppose him before they destroy him.

#### An Old Lesson

That is an old lesson in the Russia that was born in the Revolution. The men who have perished were among those who upheld that merciless law. They came in with Lenin, Trotsky, Stalin, and Rykoff, the creators of that Soviet system which some fulsome admirers in England have described as an interesting experiment, but which has never ceased to write its laws with judicial murder and wholesale executions. It was founded in treachery and crime, it was supported by terror, and by terror it has been driven to whatever end may lie before it.

Of the men who came with peace in their mouths and a sword in their hands, only Stalin, the man of steel, remains.

#### The Worship of Lenin

Lenin lies in the Kremlin, worshipped as a god by the ignorant Russian millions who have yet to learn that there is no god but God. Trotsky, who made the Russian Red Army, is an exile who dare not go back to the certain fate that has overtaken his companions: Kameneff; Tomskey, who died by his own hands to escape it; Zinovieff, who wrote the letter to British communists which helped to overthrow the British Labour Government. There were others who like these climbed to high places in the Soviet State and outside it. They are now one with the dust.

The trial which sent them to their doom was nothing new. In the vindictive abuse of the State prosecutor, Vyshinsky the Pole; in the suppression of anything which might tell in favour of the accused; and in the production of confessions they were said to have made, it was like the trial of English engineers in Moscow on trumped-up charges of destroying the machinery they superintended. That trial broke down because the Soviet authorities were afraid to pursue it. No such fear oppressed them with the miserable prisoners huddled in the dock last week.

#### Once Powerful, Now Powerless

We can only shudder at the scene. Here were men once powerful, now powerless. Here were men once judges, and now judged before they were tried. Put to the question while they were prisoners, their only defence could be to confess the plots of which they would be accused and try to put the blame on other plotters. If they abused themselves they might find mercy if not pardon.

The scene has been painted for us by eye-witnesses; the accused, some of them broken in spirit, as hopeless as helpless, but still leaning forward from their seats, trying to catch some faint gleam of promise that their lives would be spared; and others, who knew no mercy could be expected, defiant to the last. These last were right. There is no mercy in the jaws of the alligator.

## KING EDWARD STAMPS

### From Ugliness To Dignity NOW FOR BETTER COINS

The whole nation will be grateful to King Edward for the new stamps he has given us.

In stamps and coins we have long been among the poorest States in the world. We may not all collect these things, but we must all handle them, and the C N has long maintained that there is no better opportunity of familiarising our people with a beautiful thing than through a coin or a stamp.

The new King Edward stamps are frankly issued as a test, and it may be that changes will be made. We are among those who think that the King's portrait is not the happiest possible, for it is a little strained and has not the happy look so well known to all the world. That is a matter that can easily be altered. Perhaps the word postage is a little too big, and that can be altered. Otherwise the stamps are admirable in their simplicity and dignity, free from the scrolls, and leaves, and strokes, and things popped in corners, and unreadable letters, and all the crowded mess of the King George stamps. The new stamps have not one unnecessary thing, not even a full-stop, and though they may be changed in slight ways, there can be little doubt they will be the model for the new King Edward stamps of which we may be proud.

Now let us hope for a change in the coinage, so that we may be proud of the money in our pockets too.



## REAL WAGES

### More Money Against Higher Costs

So far the cost of living of the masses of our people has not risen since the war as much as money wages. Therefore real wages (what people can obtain in return for their work) have risen.

The retail cost of food now is about 29 per cent more than in July 1914 when the war began. That is to compare like with like, and to have regard to what people of small means usually buy with their wages.

Other things have risen more than food, and if the food, rent, clothing, fuel, light of the people are all taken into account, the rise of costs since July 1914 has been 46 per cent. That is to say, what 20s bought in 1914 costs nearly 30s today. Money wages, on the whole, have risen more than this, and therefore real wages have risen.

This is obvious, not only from the figures, but from observation of society. Today far more people than before the war go to places of amusement and take summer holidays.

Continued from the previous column

So another act in the tragedy of Russia ends; but none will expect that it is the last. Where force is the only rule freedom has no place. But even force, however cruel and despotic, cannot kill the soul of a people. It is stronger than bands of steel.

Stalin remains. He is the man of steel. If he were asked to justify this destruction of his enemies he might say it was the only way he knew of keeping the reins of government of Russia in strong hands. He has his own plans for reforming and strengthening Russia. He can allow none to interfere with them. But he might remember an old saying, of which the Moscow executions are an example, that they who take the sword perish by the sword.

## STOP PRESS NEWS DAY BY DAY

### How it is Adapted For the Italian People

If the peoples of the world could vote for peace or war they would vote everywhere for peace.

The pity is that today there are fewer free people in the world than at any time within living memory. If the slaves of Abyssinia have been set free, what has happened to the free people of Italy who were once allowed to read the news of the world like men, but have it now handed out to them as if they were young children who cannot understand?

For years the Italian people have been forbidden to read the free news of the world. Every editor receives secret instructions from time to time telling him what to do with his news, whether to give it big or little headings, whether to comment on it or not.

#### Slaves of the Dictator

We give below a few extracts from one of these secret documents which control the Italian press and make its writers the slaves of the Dictator.

May 7. Great reserve as to future diplomatic developments. Give much space to message in foreign press on Italy's victory, without comments or interpretations.

Do not publish the news of the attempted murder of a magistrate at San Remo.

May 8. No advertising announcements are to be published concerning the cession of one-fifth of civil servants' salaries.

May 9. Do not mention Abyssinian coffee for the moment or speak of the possibility of its importation into Italy.

May 12. For Geneva, single-column headlines; news only; no comments.

If any newspaper should receive a message from the poet D'Annunzio it must not be published.

Continue to write in a lofty strain about the Empire.

May 16. The news published abroad as to the resumption of the exportation of aeroplane motors is not to be published.

Give little prominence to the promotion of the Duce's sons.

May 21. Take no notice of the meeting of the International Labour Office which will take place at Geneva at the beginning of June.

May 27. On pain of the severest penalties you are to abstain from all expressions of mawkishness and tenderness with regard to the Abyssinians. No sentimental episodes, no fraternisation.

#### News Without Comment

June 5. Nothing is to be said about the unemployed in East Africa.

June 13. Take no notice of Russia; give only the bare news without comment.

June 15. Show great reserve in regard to international politics; no optimism.

June 18. Reserve and sobriety still in the headlines concerning sanctions.

In regard to the death of Maxim Gorki, no articles and no comments. Give only the news of his death and, at most, a list of his works.

June 19. Eden's speech must not yet be commented upon because the accounts of it are still incomplete; wait for the text in the official version. In any case, emphasise the importance of the speech, which represents certainly a great political victory for Italy. Six-column headlines.

June 20. We confirm the order to make no comments on Eden's speech. Reproduce comments from abroad which are favourable to Italy.

July 4. Ignore Russia and Titulescu.

July 6. Show complete lack of interest in sanctions.

## THE PLAIN MAN IN POWER

### CB'S CENTENARY

#### Showing the World How To Build Up Peace on Justice

### HOW SOUTH AFRICA WAS MADE STRONG

It is one of the things that we all like in Mr Baldwin that he is the plain man's Prime Minister. He is a plain man himself, and so all plain men like him.

Once before we had a plain man as Prime Minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who was born a hundred years ago, on September 7, 1836.

We had never had a Prime Minister like him before, and he came into his proud post with great unexpectedness; yet no man filled it more nobly. He set the world a great example of how to end a war, and there can be no doubt that had the peace of Versailles been drawn up in the spirit of the peace of South Africa the world would have been saved from the terrible days through which it is now passing.

#### Man Who Saved South Africa

CB, as he was affectionately called when he became the first Liberal Prime Minister of the 20th century, brought into politics the natural frankness of the plain man.

Long before he was Prime Minister he had shown the mettle he was made of by removing Queen Victoria's cousin, the Duke of Cambridge, from the control of the army; and on becoming Prime Minister he made himself renowned for all time by saving South Africa for the Empire. He it was who gave self-government to the Transvaal and the Orange Free State.

#### How He Came Into Kent

Yet he was brought into the front rank of politics as what we call a stop-gap as a result of the disappointing failure of Lord Rosebery. It was thought that Lord Rosebery, clever, rich, and with every chance in life, would hold the Liberal Party together after Gladstone's death, but his indecision and lack of leadership broke it in two, and it was CB who did what Rosebery failed to do.

He was afraid of nobody. He denounced the South African War, and exasperated many people by talking of its methods of barbarism, and when in power he gave new hope to the Boers who had fought us and been defeated.

One of the little-known chapters of his life is that part of it which was lived in Kent. He came into Kent under the will of his uncle Henry Bannerman, who left Hutton Court to him, and for 16 years (from 1871 to 1887) he lived on this estate near Maidstone.

#### Businesslike Habits

He had what his biographer calls a Scotsman's precision in managing his affairs.

Every year he made up the balance-sheet of Hutton with his own hands, inspecting tradesmen's books, paying wages, and looking into the housekeeping. His pocket-books were full of small accounts for railway fares, cab fares, shilling tips; when he had his hair cut he would put it down. He never failed for a single day to keep these small accounts, always, as Mr J. A. Spender tells us, in his beautiful microscopic handwriting, and he kept up this custom all his life.

Not only a great statesman, but a delightful man, honest and friendly and of good repute, his memory will not die. Could he have lived and gone to Versailles in 1919 the world would have been a vastly different place today, for the Peace would have been based on Justice and would not have crumbled into dust.



## A Helping Hand in the Hop Gardens



## Railway Buffers at Crewe



## Two Maids Who Would A-Shrimping Go



## WHAT THE RECTOR FOUND

### The Covey of Partridges By the Roadside

#### BIRDS THAT COME OUT TO 'SEE THE CARS GO BY

There are more people who have not seen partridges than people who have, yet the Rector of Shackleford knows where to find them by the roadside.

While walking along the great busy Guildford-Godalming bypass the other day he saw ten of these birds settled comfortably in the grass verge, quite indifferent to the stream of traffic roaring past.

It is strange how quickly wild life grows accustomed to human inventions which at first terrify them. Before the new roads were made it was common to see hundreds of birds, in the course of a summer day's journey, dust-bathing in the middle of our great highways.

#### Wild Life on the Railway

Railway cuttings, alarming to most of us, have their own population of martens and other birds, or rabbits, voles, and other animals, rare and beautiful butterflies, and flowers that make great splashes of colour among the grasses and weeds.

When telegraph wires were first raised on poles in the country great numbers of birds were killed by dashing into them; but within a year or two the young birds, born or trained to a sense of danger, flew safely over them.

In the early motoring days horses were terrified at meeting a car, and car-drivers were expected to pass them at a crawl. But the horses on our roads today have been bred to a motor-car world and fear cars no more than their owners do.

Similar things happen abroad, where, when railways reached tropical jungles, the entire company of wild animals within sight or hearing of the trains fled in horror as the new mysteries moved. But they soon learned that trains did not pursue them, and grew confident. Indeed the forest verges of the Uganda railway became a new sanctuary, in which lions bred so rapidly that stations were often invaded by them, the animals holding up the staff, and even killing passengers in sleeping-cars which had come to rest.

#### General Smuts and the Lions

The motor-car in the wilderness has ceased to have terrors for wild life. General Smuts was actually held up all one night by lions when he was driving his car in the African wilds. In Canada bears in the Rocky Mountains go to the highways to meet motor-cars, expecting sweets and other dainties from the passengers—and are not disappointed.

Still, partridges on a great bypass road are a novelty. It is worth noting, however, that their safety was secured by their keeping, not on the road itself, but to the grass verge by the side of it.

## 1 2 3

1902 naturalisation certificates were issued in Britain last year.

600,000 people will travel by trains to see the Blackpool illuminations which begin on September 12.

700,000 motor-cars are in use in Australia.

1,046,022 people visited the Zoo in the first seven months of this year.

£133,000 was paid in fines by speeding motorists last year.

£7,000,000 is the value of a new coalfield to be opened near Barrhead in Scotland.

£66,000,000 has been spent on new rolling stock since the formation of the L M S in 1923.

## WAR AND SHIPS

### England No Longer Carrier For the World EFFECT ON TRAMP SHIPPING

Our tramp shipping has suffered greatly since the war and Government aid has been called in to save it.

A tramp ship is one that picks up profitable cargo at any port to carry to any other port. Before the war the tramp ship was the backbone of our mercantile fleet.

It has to be realised that since the war all nations aim at the ownership of sea-going vessels. The movement has its roots both in pride and in fear. It is felt that, while no ship is safe, the sea-borne trade of a nation is safer in one's own vessel than if entrusted to some common carrier. And pride is taken in displaying the national flag.

In the past British shipping was common carrier for the world. As recently as 1907 Great Britain owned 11½ million tons of ocean shipping and *all the rest of the world* 14½ millions. Thus our small island ran nearly half the world's ships. We carried sea cargoes not only for ourselves but for all peoples. The Suez Canal records of 1908 showed that of 19 million tons of traffic passing the waterway in that year nearly 12 millions were British!

#### Ships Must Be More Comfortable

It was obvious that such an extraordinary sea supremacy could not endure for ever, and the war struck at it with violence. In the 18 years that have elapsed since its close great foreign mercantile marines have been built up.

Thus we can no longer expect to earn as much as of old by work on the sea. Great efficiency and organisation are called for to meet the new situation, and the Government knows that it must help.

In this as in other matters, war and the fear of war hit Britain because of her wide-flung interests. It is necessary to work harder and to think deeper than of old to maintain our position.

Nor should we forget the loss of coal-carrying, which did so much for our shipping before the triumph of oil.

It is a notable fact that our young men are not taking to a seafaring life nowadays; the shipowners will have to make their ships more comfortable for those who work in them.

## OUR CIVIL ARMY

### 338,600 Public Servants

It takes many people to govern us. Of the 45 million people in Great Britain, about one in 130 is a paid servant of the State. The total is now 338,600—11,000 more than last year.

This big figure, however, includes the postal servants; and the post office, we have to remember, not only carries letters and parcels, but deals with telegrams and telephones, savings, licences, old age pensions, and many other things.

For the rest, the increasing activities of the State are always expanding the number of civil servants. The collection of new customs duties, the housing schemes, the marketing plans, the wheat bonus, are a few instances of the fresh work continually thrown on the Government departments. The work is often as difficult as it is important.

#### LET THE WIND BLOW

However fiercely the wind may blow over Kew in the future it will have no effect on the delicate seismographs belonging to the observatory there, for they have been removed to an underground hut with concrete foundations.

Scientists all the world over exchange their records of earthquake tremors, and our watchers at Kew were anxious to avoid the possibility of inaccuracy in records taken in stormy weather.



## TELEVISION STARTS

### First Broadcasts From New Station

#### THE CAMERA THAT SEES

Britain leads the world in television. No greater proof of this could be given than the magnificent television exhibits and demonstrations at Radiolympia.

Every day there have been long queues anxiously waiting to file past the eight different makes of receivers, all showing the same scenes. The pictures are seen in a blue-green or yellow-green colour, and the average size is ten by eight inches.

No one can see these bright, clear pictures without feeling something like awe at this latest achievement of radio science. Their wealth of detail is up to that of the average home cinematograph, and their steadiness even greater.

#### Ultra-Short Wavelengths

Two programmes, each lasting one and a half hours, are given each day. These include variety and other items direct from the studios at Alexandra Palace, and bits from the latest films. Up-to-date newsreels are also included.

The BBC television station at Alexandra Palace, on the heights overlooking North London, transmits all the programmes on ultra-short wavelengths. Sound and speech are synchronised with the pictures, which have been transmitted on alternate days by the Marconi and Baird systems.

The Baird system used two methods of transforming scenes into electrical pulses so that they might be broadcast: a mechanical one, in which the performers are in semi-darkness, for general studio work, and an intermediate-film process for other purposes.

In the second method an ordinary film is first taken. Then, when developed, this is transmitted like any other movie picture. But the time-lag between exposing the film and transmitting it is only a matter of seconds!

#### Science and Nature

In the Marconi-EMI system the Emitron camera is always used. This ingenious instrument is the most perfect example known of the reconstruction by science of the handiwork of Nature. It does not photograph, *it sees*.

Not only can it instantaneously convert scenes and films into electrical pulses, but it can deal with outdoor scenes, even in poor light. The grounds of the Palace, a tennis match, a procession, all can be televised by its aid.

At present instruments which can give you in your own home pictures just like those seen at Radiolympia are very expensive. But there are many models on view at the Radio Exhibition, and these are the first production samples of television receivers ever exhibited in the world.

Some models are for vision and its accompanying sound only. Others incorporate a complete all-wave receiver for ordinary broadcasting as well. The cost of these television instruments is anything between £75 and £125.

#### A Wider Service Coming

Only those living within about 25 miles of the Alexandra Palace will be able to receive the regular television broadcasts which are to follow the present experimental service. The reason for such a small service area, in spite of the fact that the BBC has the world's most powerful television transmitter, is the necessary use of ultra-short wavelengths.

These wavelengths do not carry over great distances like the longer ones used for normal broadcasting. However, other stations, which will be erected eventually, will provide a picture service for the greater part of the population.

Television is no longer confined to the laboratory. Nothing can hold back its future development.

## PRIDE OF ADELAIDE

### CITY'S 100th BIRTHDAY

#### Strange Stories of the Early Days

#### SELLING LAND INSTEAD OF WORKING IT

Canberra has been deposed for a season from its position as capital city of the Australian Commonwealth.

The honour is conferred for a brief spell on Adelaide, where, its centenary being celebrated, the Commonwealth Prime Ministers have gathered in conference and made the city, in its hundredth year, the temporary metropolis of the island continent.

For that conference Mr Earle Page, the Federal Minister of Commerce, has flown home from England to Australia in fewer days than the original settlers took weeks.

#### A Name and an Ideal

They took with them a name and nothing more, except an ideal. South Australia was to be the scene of the settlement, and the capital, wherever fixed, was to be named Adelaide, after the wife of William the Fourth.

The new colony was to be the first Australian colony free of convicts, and, as suggested by Gilbert Wakefield, the man who planned it, land was to be sold at 12s an acre to men of good family who would attract from home the best type of labourers, free men who would work for honest wages without desiring to acquire land, so creating a landed class of aristocratic origin who would give the new southern world tone and stability.

But where was the capital to be? At first Kangaroo Island was chosen, but that was soon seen to be unsuitable, so a move was made to the mainland, where various sites were examined before the present city was finally begun, seven miles from the nearest harbour, and a sore trial to the early settlers in getting their wares up from the sea.

#### Land Speculation and Distress

When land came to be allotted by auction, in spite of the provision that the price was to be 12s an acre prices ran up from £3 to £13, and instead of settling down to cultivation the settlers gave themselves up to land speculation, so that when new shiploads of labourers arrived there was no work for them to do, and very little food, for with no attempt to work the land it was easy to condemn it as incapable of cultivation.

Terrible distress followed. The Governor exhausted his own fortune in keeping the little colony alive, and when that was done he pledged the credit of the Government at home until Downing Street refused any longer to honour the bills he had drawn on it.

Famine threatened the settlement, and food stood at such a price that at last men began to grow it in earnest, first for themselves, then for sale, and finally for export. It was the necessity and danger they had created which scourged the colonists into action.

## THE POPULAR SIXPENCE

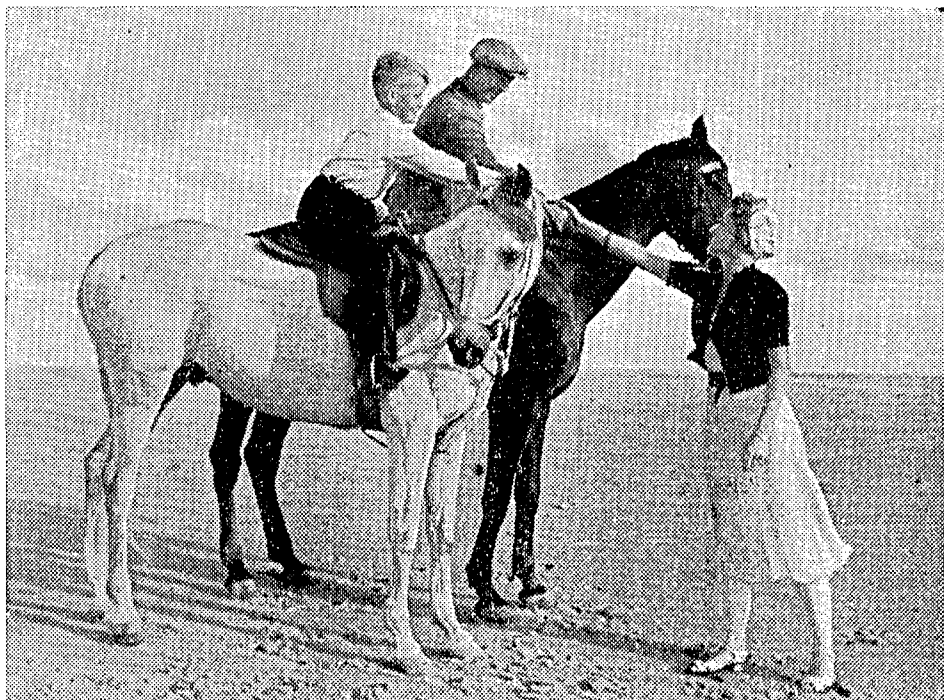
### But the Half-Crown Lives the Longest

According to an official of the Mint the longest-lived of British coins is the half-crown.

Its average run of circulation is 64 years. The florin comes next with 45 years, and then the shilling with 41.

The average life of the threepenny-bit is 32 years, four years longer than that of the sixpence, which has the shortest life of any coin. After 28 years it is usually so thin and worn that it has to be withdrawn. This seems to prove that the sixpence is the most used of all our coins.

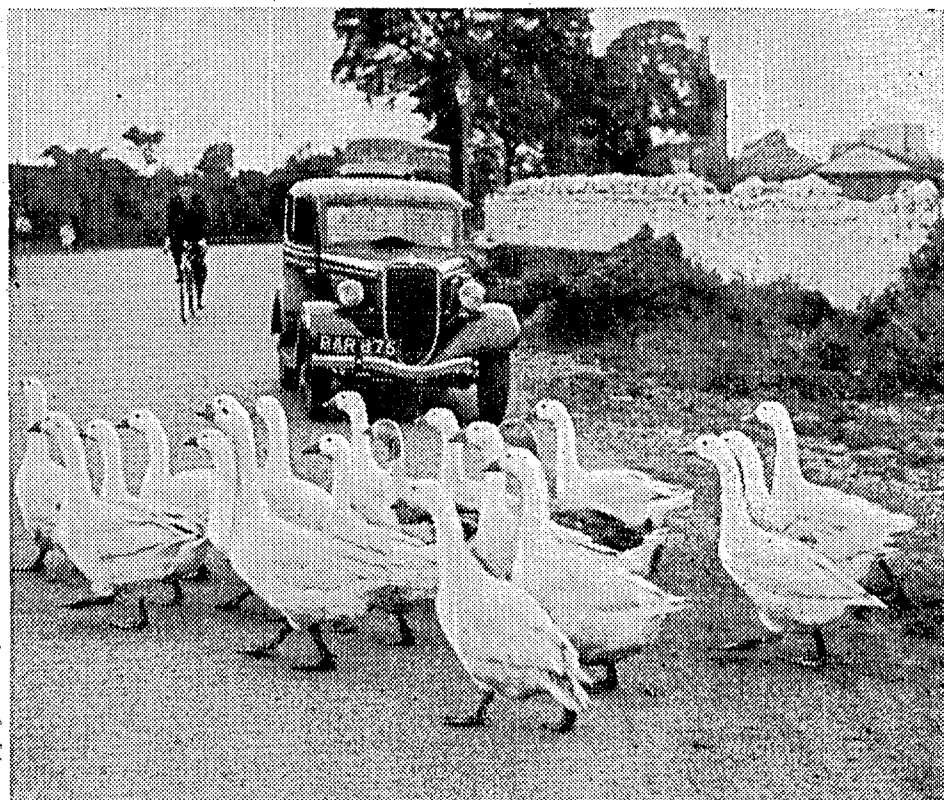
## Early-Morning Meeting on the Sands



## A Ride on the Zoo Camel



## Please Cross Here





## SATURN AT HIS NEAREST

### Remarkable Appearance of His Moons

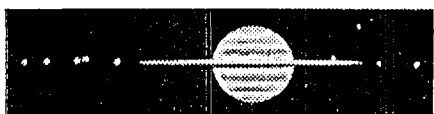
#### SATELLITES IN AN EVERLASTING MARATHON

By the C.N. Astronomer

The great planet Saturn will be at its nearest to us, 801,000,000 miles away, on September 12. It may be easily found in the south-east sky, the brightest object and rather less than midway between the horizon and overhead at about 10 o'clock.

Saturn is now at his brightest for this year and one of the most interesting objects in the heavens, with his retinue of moons spread out as if in a line and presenting the appearance shown in the picture.

The famous Rings are still presented almost edgewise, and so appear as a



Saturn's retinue of moons as presented this year

slender line of light projecting from each side of Saturn's globe. They were dealt with in the C.N. for June 13.

Saturn's satellites, by revolving in almost the same plane or level of the Rings, appear now to arrange themselves in a line and to resemble little luminous beads which travel from side to side from the brilliant needle-like ends of the Rings. Alternately they pass and repass one another in a most singular manner, while occasionally one will appear to travel along the surface of this needle line as shown. Thus this family of moons is performing in a way only seen at intervals of fifteen years and presents a continuous fund of entertainment for possessors of telescopes.

Mimas, the nearest moon, which revolves but 30,000 miles from the edge of the Ring System, takes only 22 hours 37 minutes to complete a circuit. Thus in the course of an evening it can be seen to break away, as it were, from the end of one of the luminous points, move out into space toward the other lined-up moons, and then move back again.

Enceladus, the next satellite, which revolves in 32 hours 53 minutes, may be seen at times to do much the same as Mimas; while Tethys, the next, moves still farther out and takes longer, as it revolves round Saturn in 45 hours 18 minutes.

#### A Captured Visitor

The next two moons, Dione and Rhea, are more leisurely, taking 2 days 17 hours 41 minutes and 4 days 12 hours 25 minutes respectively; but these travel much farther from the luminous points. Titan, the giant satellite of the system and nearly twice the width of our Moon, is much farther away, and so takes 15 days 22 hours 41 minutes to revolve; while little Hyperion, scarcely perceptible, takes 21 days 6 hours 38 minutes.

All these moons, by approaching one another first from one side and then the other, and sometimes appearing to touch, add to the entertainment. The remote Iapetus, which takes 79 days 7 hours 56 minutes to revolve, is about 13 degrees out of the line.

Then there is tiny Phoebe, a captured visitor to Saturn's System; this far-off moon, from an angle of nearly 149 degrees from the level of the others, takes 550 days to revolve; but Phoebe thus gets by far the best view, and what a grand spectacle Saturn and his family must present from Phoebe's rocky surface, 8 million miles away from Saturn. The distances of the others are: Iapetus, 2,210,000; Hyperion, 919,700; Titan, 758,800; Rhea, 327,300; Dione, 234,400; Tethys, 183,000; Enceladus, 147,800; and Mimas, 115,300 miles. G. F. M.

## SALUTE TO BLOOMSBURY

### Why the Darlings Lived There

A writer complains that practically all modern plays have Hampstead or Kensington as their setting. The play that children best know and love, Peter Pan, begins and ends in Bloomsbury, but unless they read the book they may never know why.

Bloomsbury was the home of Peter Mark Roget, a wonderful doctor who devoted his leisure to the making of a book incomparable of its kind, his Thesaurus, or treasury of English words and phrases. Now, when Sir James Barrie came to London, a journalist of very modest means, with all his plays yet to write, he went to live in Bloomsbury, where, he declares, his only book was this very Thesaurus. On quitting his apartments there he forgot his one treasure, but went back later and reclaimed it.

Such at any rate is Sir James's account of his placing the Darling family in Bloomsbury, for Peter Pan to fly in at their window and lure away the immortal Wendy, John, and Michael to the Neverland. The author says he had always wanted to pay a compliment to Dr Roget for helping him to wend his way through life: "the Darlings therefore live in Bloomsbury."

It is no use our seeking the house itself now, for when the dramatist last saw it its card bore the forbidding words *No children!*

## FLYING THROUGH FOG

### Unseen Beam That Guides the Airman Home

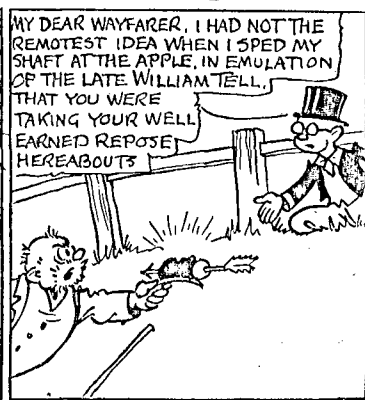
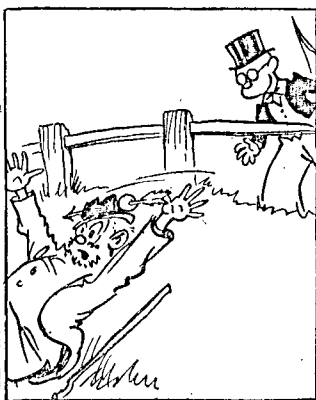
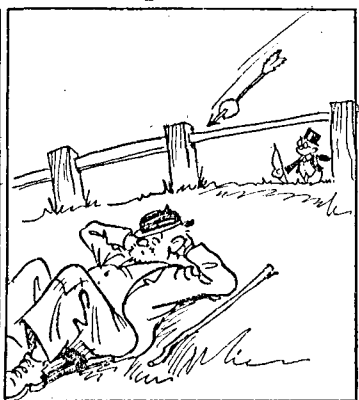
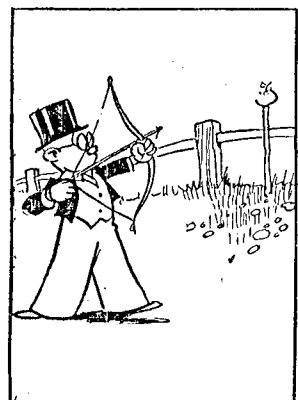
The fogs of autumn are responsible for more delay on the airways than any other cause.

This autumn, however, it is hoped that big passenger and freight planes will be able to feel their way through the thickest fog and land safely at Croydon. England's busiest airport is to be equipped with the Lorenz radio-guiding system which makes this possible for planes carrying the necessary receiving instruments.

Numerous Continental aerodromes already use the Lorenz system, and so do Heston and Speke in this country. The instrument at the aerodrome sends out a ray of ultra-short wavelength which may be received even 40 miles away. Instruments in the plane tell the pilot whether he is to the right or left of the correct route; and by noting the height as shown by his altimeter he can calculate his distance from the aerodrome when first he strikes the beam.

He continues to fly along the beam, the wireless signals being received continuously, and when two miles from home an automatic warning is given to throttle down his engines. He loses height, and on reaching the aerodrome boundary another warning is received. By that time he would be low enough to see the ground, perhaps very faintly but well enough to make a good landing.

## A Few Words From Theophilus



## 18 PEOPLE DOING A FINE THING

### A Moving Little Festival

By Our Hungary Correspondent

A moving little festival was held the other day in one of Budapest's many garden restaurants, when 18 people met to celebrate the successful passing of their matric.

This is no rare thing at the end of the summer term. What was unusual about it was the fact that most of the celebrants were advanced in life, while nearly all were manual workers. There was a horny-handed gardener of 40, a baker's assistant of 35, a carpenter who 12 years ago had difficulty in signing his own name, several bus conductors, and one youngish girl whose ambition it is to become a doctor but who now makes a living by selling fruit in the streets.

#### The Lure of Learning

What, one is tempted to ask, has lured these workers for their daily bread into the paths of learning? The answer is a different one in each case. The gardener, who works from sunrise till sunset all through the summer, found time hanging heavy on his hands in the long winter evenings. The baker has an idea that when he sets up on his own he will be able to sell his bread better if people know him to be an educated man. The carpenter has developed an ambition to become a builder; the girl always meant to be a doctor, but must somehow keep body and soul together while she pursues her studies, and has found no other way of doing so than by selling oranges and cherries. One unemployed working-man started going to the night classes where they all met because it was the only place in the winter where he could keep warm.

But whatever the original motive, all, as time went on, were caught by the spirit of the game and worked not for the ultimate material gain but for the love of knowledge.

#### Studies After the Day's Toil

It was by no means an easy thing for these men and women unused to mental effort to settle down to arithmetic and Latin after the day's physical labours, nor to master in four years the material that youth takes eight years to learn. But somehow they accomplished it, and now, on the threshold of middle age, they stand equipped—for what?

Will their arduously acquired learning obtain for them something better and higher from life than has been their lot hitherto? One fears that in the difficult times we live in that may be too much to ask. The world is all too full already of educated unemployed. But even so their efforts will not have been wasted, for they will find that they have acquired treasures of the spirit which will compensate them for many hardships and irradiate with their glamour the greyness of the everyday round.

## A GIANT MAGNET

### Seeking the Mystery of the Cosmic Rays

#### A WHALE TO CATCH A SPRAT

One of the most powerful magnets in the world has been made for Professor Arthur Compton to enable him to study the cosmic rays.

It weighs twelve tons. There are larger electro-magnets, but none which will develop such intense magnetism between its poles. The Earth is itself a magnet, creating magnetic attraction in the atmosphere surrounding it. The Compton magnet will create in the cubic foot of air between its poles a magnetic attraction, or magnetic field, 40,000 times as strong.

Five miles of copper strips are spirally wound about the poles of the magnet and an electric current of 300 kilowatts is passed along them to create the field. The strips are enclosed in cooled oil to carry away the heat generated by the powerful current. The cooler the copper the more powerful the magnetic field.

#### Photographing a Ray's Track

And what is all this tremendous power to bring about? It is to catch, and photograph, some of the millions of cosmic rays falling on the Earth (and on ourselves) every minute. We do not feel them, and can never see them. How, then, can they be photographed?

They are photographed because, though invisible, they can make a microscopic track of fog in a vessel filled with moist gas. Once a second a cosmic ray will pass through the magnet's field. Once every 15 seconds one of these rays will take such a path that it will enter the fog chamber, and find its path automatically photographed there.

Thus Professor Compton's giant magnet will catch the imprint of flying particles billions of times smaller than itself. What will it do with them? Because of its tremendous magnetic power it will curve their paths if they are electric carriers.

From the curvature Professor Compton may be able to find what electric force drives them onward. They speed so fast and have such tremendous energy that the ordinary laws of electricity do not seem to apply to them. It may be possible with the help of this magnet to get nearer the heart of the mystery, and say how and why these mysterious bits of electricity come into our ken.

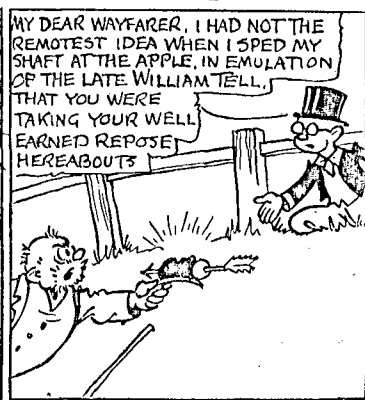
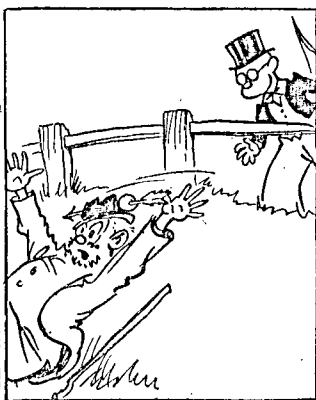
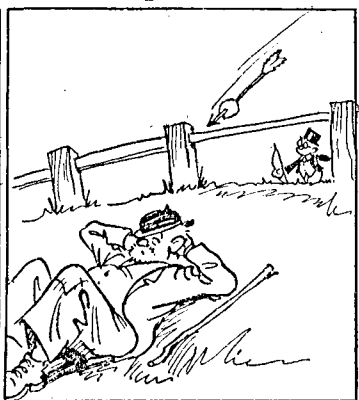
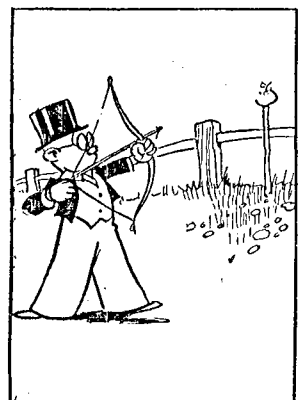
#### THE QUICK OAK

Although oak trees grow rather slowly in Great Britain they soon attain great size in the milder climate of New Zealand.

A big oak blown down by a gale recently near the village of Waihou, after growing for 55 years, was found to be 70 feet high with a spread of 50 feet. Six feet from the ground it measured 14 feet round its trunk.

This was certainly a big tree considering that it was only as old as a middle-aged man.

## On Emulating William





# THE LITTLE SHIP THAT SAILED AWAY 316 YEARS AGO

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring  
drums  
And the trumpet that sings of fame.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard and these;  
And the distant aisles of the dim  
woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of seas, the sports  
of war?  
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod,  
They have left unstained what  
there they found:  
Freedom to worship God.

Felicia Hemans

## The Pilgrims of the Mayflower

ON September 6 in the year 1620 a small ship of 180 tons sailed slowly out from Plymouth.

There was nothing about the appearance of this ship to distinguish it from other ocean-going vessels of the time, yet the Mayflower was setting out on one of the most famous voyages in the history of the sea.

Although it weighed but a trifle more than the four propellers of the Queen Mary, it was to attempt a 3000-miles Atlantic crossing. In company with the Speedwell, the Mayflower had started from Southampton in August. It was soon found that the Speedwell was not seaworthy. Both ships put in at Plymouth, and a month later the Mayflower started its lone voyage. It promised to be an exciting one for the 102 passengers on board.

The frail craft was entirely at the mercy of the winds that swept the ocean; in fact, it depended on them for its power, as the steam-engine had not yet been invented.

The passengers were packed together like so much luggage. Their quarters were filthy, and the diseases brought about by the insanitary condition of the ship made life almost unbearable.

But these pioneers (they were later to be called the Pilgrim Fathers) held to their purpose. They had determined that they would leave England and make new homes overseas, homes where they could live free from the tyrannical influence of King James's Court.

They had been mocked at in England; now they were to be mocked by members of the crew. One man openly admitted he hoped half of them would die on the voyage, so that he could throw them overboard, and "make merry" with their property.

It so happened that he himself was the first to die, and a writer of that time said: "It pleased God, before they came halfe seas over, to smite this yong man with a greivous disease, of which he dyed in a desperate maner, and so was himselfe ye first that was throwne overboard."

But disease was not the only misfortune of this famous little ship. There were days when the wind was so strong that it was not safe to carry a sail at all. On one occasion a sudden storm caused the main beam to crack, and the lives of crew and passengers were in grave danger. Yet while the ship was being tossed about, and the chances of sinking grew greater every moment, they worked feverishly to repair the damaged beam. At last they succeeded, and for a time they were safe again.

### Land Sighted At Last

Later, on a particularly stormy day, one of the passengers, a man named John Howland, was blown right off the wave-swept deck. As he shot through the air he flung out his arms and grasped one of the ropes attached to the top-sail, and with his numbed fingers he clung to the rope, swaying perilously in mid-air, and liable at any moment to be thrown into the sea. Rescue work was difficult owing to the gale, but at last he was hauled back to safety.

With a sigh of relief, the Pilgrims sighted land at last. Their first view was of Cape Cod, and on November 11 they cast anchor in Provincetown Harbour.

Their voyage, which can now be done in less than a week, had taken 67 days.

Before the Mayflower left England the English Virginia Company had given the pioneers permission to settle in the company's territory. It was now found that the captain had made a mistake in his bearings, and the ship was north of the land in the charter.

At first they thought of sailing south to the Bay of Delaware. There were, however, treacherous currents in which the captain refused to risk his ship, and

pioneers a hard 'one. In those three months their numbers were reduced by half, yet they struggled on, determined not to return to England.

On March 26, 1621, the survivors finally left the Mayflower and settled in their new homes.

Their difficulties were by no means over, but though

*His home was a freezing cabin  
Too bare for the hungry rat,*

each of these pioneers devoted a life to the colony, and, working with his fellows, laid in the New World "the corner stone of a nation." So did this small settlement grow into the mighty New England States of America.

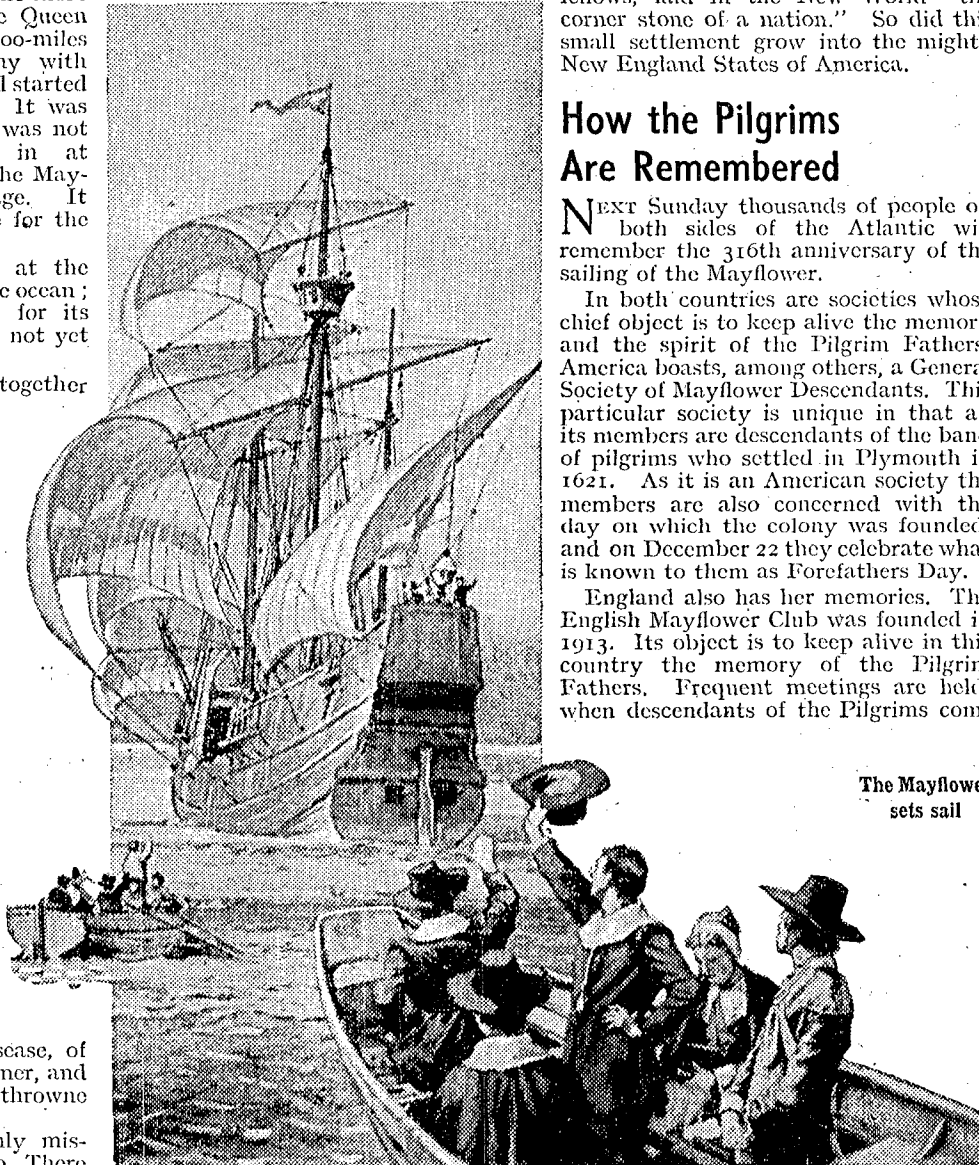
## How the Pilgrims Are Remembered

NEXT Sunday thousands of people on both sides of the Atlantic will remember the 316th anniversary of the sailing of the Mayflower.

In both countries are societies whose chief object is to keep alive the memory and the spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers. America boasts, among others, a General Society of Mayflower Descendants. This particular society is unique in that all its members are descendants of the band of pilgrims who settled in Plymouth in 1621. As it is an American society the members are also concerned with the day on which the colony was founded, and on December 22 they celebrate what is known to them as Forefathers Day.

England also has her memories. The English Mayflower Club was founded in 1913. Its object is to keep alive in this country the memory of the Pilgrim Fathers. Frequent meetings are held, when descendants of the Pilgrims com-

The Mayflower sets sail



the Pilgrims decided to explore the coast near by in search of a spot suitable for a permanent settlement.

It was necessary to draw up a code of laws under which the new colony could be governed, and this they did immediately. The 41 men in the company signed the famous Mayflower Compact, by which they agreed to work together for the good of all, to worship God simply, and to build up a people worthy of their great ideal.

Now their business was to find land for a permanent settlement. A small party of pioneers explored the coast, and finally decided to settle at a place which had been previously named Plymouth by Captain John Smith. A month later the first work party landed. It was mid-winter; there was a foot of snow on the ground and bitter winds blew unceasingly. For three months the men spent their time between the ship and the land. Ground had to be cleared, trees cut down, huts built, and food found for the entire company.

Weather, shortage of food, and disease combined to make the lot of the

memorate the heroism of their ancestors. The Pilgrims of Great Britain are chiefly concerned with helping to make as happy as possible the relations between this country and America.

In 1930 the well-known American citizen Mr E. S. Harkness founded the Pilgrim Trust, one of the best benefactions ever established for English-speaking people. His affection for the land of his descent led him to give £2,000,000 for the benefit of causes needing help in this country.

On September 6, 1920, 300 years after the Pilgrim Fathers had sailed from Plymouth, the British Sailors Society opened its new Home in the same town. The Mayflower Sailors Hostel is a rest home for British sailors, a worthy remembrance of the early pioneers.

The memory of the Pilgrim Fathers is kept alive in a manner worthy of so great a cause. They gave of their best, and now others keep in mind the words inscribed on Governor Bradford's memorial at Plymouth in New England:

*Do not basely relinquish what the fathers with difficulty attained.*

## He Knew the Right Way To Colonise

WILLIAM BRADFORD

Born: Austerfield, Yorkshire, 1590.

Died: Plymouth, Massachusetts, 1657.

WILLIAM BRADFORD was appointed Governor of the New England Colony on the death of the first leader of the Pilgrims, Governor John Carver.

As John Carver had died in the early months of the Settlement, the task of building the new England fell to his successor. Unlike many other colonists, he did not believe it was necessary first to kill the natives; he began by winning their confidence.

Unarmed and unafraid he met their chiefs. The Red Indians were men who expected to have to fight for their land, and were suspicious when the newcomers suggested that they wished to live side by side with the natives; but when they saw that the Englishmen meant what they said they became friendly, and showed them how to develop the land.

Other neighbours at first hostile were the Dutch, who had a trading station farther north. They were jealous of the English because they expected them to try to steal their trade. Here again Bradford showed his brilliant qualities as a leader, and at last even the Dutch were convinced of the honesty of the Pilgrims.

One of the greatest difficulties the Governor had to overcome in these early days was the shortage of food. During one part of the year 1623 the pioneers were reduced to meals of five parched kernels of corn for each person.

Still William Bradford inspired his followers, and his wise decisions undoubtedly saved the colony from being broken up. With five, and later seven, helpers appointed by the General Council (Parliament) he organised the growing of crops, established fisheries, and founded trading posts which would enable the Pilgrims to trade with Red Indians farther north.

In ten years the colony was so firmly established that they were not only able to repay the money they had borrowed to equip them for the voyage of the Mayflower, but could send to Holland for the friends they had left behind.

For 30 years William Bradford was the leader of this colony. He was no dictator, but a servant of the people carrying out the aims of the colony as expressed in the Mayflower Compact.

Far from his native village of Austerfield a great nation stands as his everlasting memorial.

## New England Towns With Old English Names

WHEN the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Plymouth they carried with them pleasant memories of the homes they had known in this country.

Those who have since followed the Pilgrims have carried similar memories, and so the traveller finds in New England much to remind us of our Mother country.

The most outstanding association with the old home lies in the names chosen for the new ones. Here are some of them.

In Massachusetts: Plymouth, Andover, Barnstable, Bedford, Beverley, Cambridge, Chatham, Chelmsford, Dedham, Dorchester, Harwich, Melrose, Northampton, Sandwich, Warcham, Worcester, Yarmouth.

In Maine: Bath, Belfast.

In New Hampshire: Dublin, Portsmouth, Rye.

In Connecticut: Hartford, Norwich, Woodstock.



## WILL EXTINCT PLANTS APPEAR AGAIN?

### REMARKABLE IDEAS FROM RUSSIA

#### Seeds of Primitive Life Grow After Thousands of Years

#### SEARCH FOR LIVING FOSSILS

A Russian botanist, Dr Kapterev, has revived the old question of the life of buried seeds in a new way.

He would agree that there is no such thing as mummy wheat. Grains of wheat preserved in an Egyptian coffin, or in any place where the air is dry, gradually crumble to dust and the germ of life in them perishes. The sturdiest of seeds, with thick leathery coverings like those of some water-lilies, will not revive after 150 years.

#### Tests of Survival

But Kapterev thinks it might be otherwise if the life germs were preserved by freezing. The simplest forms of vegetable life, the single-celled bacteria, are extraordinarily resistant to cold. Sir James Dewar, with the aid of Professor Alan MacFadyen of the Lister Institute, froze bacteria in liquid air, several hundreds of degrees below any temperature naturally occurring on the face of the earth. The bacteria survived. A less searching but interesting test of survival was recorded when the body of a frozen mammoth was recovered at Yakutia in Siberia 35 years ago. Bacteria were found in its frozen interior. But it is not clear that they had lain frozen there since the mammoth perished.

Bacteria are such primitive things, and so low in the ladder of life, that they are in a class by themselves. Their survival does not answer the question of the revival of forms of plant life more highly organised. Kapterev asks if it is possible that some of the lower many-celled plants, such as seaweed, or primitive mosses, or even tiny swimming animalcules, can come to life again after lying dormant for centuries?

#### A Fossilised Forest

During his inquiries Kapterev found on an island near the mouth of the Lena (the most easterly and the largest of the rivers of Siberia) the remains of a fossilised but not petrified forest. Fragments of trees with their roots in the soil and remains of lake plant life were preserved as complete as if they had been buried yesterday. In another place, in an ice layer below the surface, were trees and grass in such a surprising state of preservation that the grass when brought to Moscow was still elastic and did not crumble at the touch.

This encouraged him to dig deeper, and at a lower level he found, in a thin dark layer, grasslike plants evidently the remains of a peat bog. He took samples of them, placed them carefully apart, and in a fortnight a green hue overspread them. The microscope revealed that this was the beginning of the lower forms of seaweed of various types.

#### Second Life To Fossils?

After a few months the soil in Kapterev's isolated jar began to produce the green beginnings of moss. The botanist was bringing to life a peat bog buried for unknown numbers of years and extinct for most of that time. How long had it lain in the frozen ground without signs of life? Kapterev thinks it may be any time from 1000 to 3000 years.

Search is to be made in lower frozen strata. The plant life revived by Kapterev is not different from that of living forms elsewhere. But at depths of 40 to 50 feet the botanists may find forms which have long disappeared from the face of the earth.

If that expectation were fulfilled the Russian botanists might be able to revive extinct forms of plants, or even give a second life to fossils!

## WHAT HAPPENED ON YOUR BIRTHDAY

### If it is Next Week

- Sept. 6. James II died at St Germain . . . 1701
- 7. Queen Elizabeth born at Greenwich . . . 1533
- 8. Richard Lionheart born at Oxford . . . 1157
- 9. Battle of Flodden Field . . . 1513
- 10. Mungo Park born near Selkirk . . . 1771
- 11. James Thomson, poet, born at Ednam . . . 1700
- 12. Jan Sobieski defeated the Turks at Vienna . . . 1683

#### A Great Explorer

Mungo Park was a Scottish doctor from Selkirk who lost his life while heroically engaged in trying to trace the Niger from its source to the sea.

While acting as a ship's doctor on a voyage to the East Indies he studied the vegetation of Sumatra, and by his specimens made a friend of Sir Joseph Banks, the great botanist.

Through Banks's influence he was sent out to West Africa to discover the source of the Niger, and after two and a half years of adventure he returned and wrote a bright book on his travels.

He married and settled at Peebles as a doctor; but his heart was set on exploration, and more than nine years after his first journey he went again, with Government assistance, to trace the downward course of the Niger. His party of forty Europeans was almost killed off by sickness, but Mungo Park pushed on, and the last letter received from him expressed his determination to sail down the river to the sea or die.

Ten years passed before the definite news leaked through that he had perished, probably during an attack by natives. He was a pioneer, and a hero.

## MEXICAN CHILDREN FREE HUNDREDS OF SONG-BIRDS

The other day 500 schoolchildren appeared in Mexico City's central park each carrying a bird-cage.

They came from kindergartens and infant schools to carry out a suggestion made by Mr Alfonso Gallardo under the auspices of Mexico City's authorities.

The children had been told by their teachers that gaily-coloured birds and birds of song not only bring charm to the countryside, but protect gardens, orchards, and fields by destroying harmful insects. So hundreds of little cages were opened, and the birds flew out with joyful trills. Some of the birds were frightened at first, but finally made up their minds to take to the trees, where they burst into song.

Other schools are preparing to follow this fine example of freeing ornamental and song-birds, and Mexico's parks may soon resound to the songs of birds once captive but now gloriously free.

## 25 YEARS AGO

From the CN of September 1911

**A Wonderful Place.** London has opened the first radium institute in the world, built and equipped by two rich and generous men, as a gift to the nation. It will be partly a hospital, to which rich and poor may go for treatment for diseases which radium alone can cure, the rich paying for treatment, while the poor will be treated free; and it will be also a great scientific laboratory, devoted entirely to investigation of radium.

## TOLL OF THE SEA

### Name-Plates That Tell a Sad Story

One of our correspondents came to the Yorkshire village of Mappleton one sunny day recently and looked over a fair scene—green fields, a church with a spire soaring above the trees, and the North Sea calm and blue under a summer sky. Then at a turn in the road he found something which spoke of tragedy.

He came upon a joiner's shed with a wooden gable, and there, nailed to the gable-end, were about 30 name-plates taken from ships which had been wrecked on that desolate coast between Spurn and Hornsea.

It was like finding a ship's graveyard, for these pathetic name-plates from ships which had once set out on their voyages with men in high spirits were a reminder of the dangers that befall all who go down to the sea in ships.



Mungo Park meets an African chief

## CN QUESTION BOX

Questions must be asked on postcards and sent to C N Question Box, John Carpenter House, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4, one question on each card, with name and address.

#### Why is the Passion Flower So Named?

Its Spanish discoverers in America imagined that they saw in its emblems of the Passion of Jesus, the crown of thorns, the nails of the cross in the styles, and the marks of His wounds in the five anthers.

#### Why is the Number Forty Used so Often in the Bible?

It was probably used originally in a loose way to express a moderate number between a few and a great many, just as today we say a score. Forty has no mystical associations as seven and three have.

#### How Did the Cambridgeshire Village of Quy Get Its Name?

This name means young cow or heifer. Spelled quy we find it in old Scottish poetry.

#### What is the Meaning of Dieu et Mon Droit?

This French phrase, meaning God and My Right, is the royal motto of England. It was the parole of Richard Coeur de Lion at the victory of Gisors, implying that he was no vassal of France, owing his royalty to God alone.

#### How Did England and Scotland Become an Island?

By the sinking of strata which culminated during the Pleistocene Age in the sea breaking through what is now the Strait of Dover.

#### Why Were the Pyramids Built?

The Pyramids were great cairns built by the Egyptian Pharaohs of the Third to the Twelfth Dynasties to enclose in a magnificent manner the chambers in which they were to be buried.

## VIKING WARRIORS?

### A Discovery in Yorkshire

#### THE INVADERS CHALLENGED BY KING ALFRED

Building operations by the Humber near Hull have brought to light what appears to be a Viking cemetery.

Mr T. Sheppard and his staff at the Hull Museum, who are in charge of the excavations, have found skeletons of men and women whose bronze brooches and other ornaments leave little doubt that here was a hasty burial, probably after a battle, to which the women accompanied their Viking warrior lords.

For the Vikings, arriving first to pillage and slay, came later as colonists, and finally as settlers. They came first as an invading terror, destroying our churches and slaying our people. They took away their plunder to their northern homes about the fiords, and came back each summer for more. From that they grew to colonists, settling on the land they had conquered. The chief glory of the reign of Alfred was his undaunted challenge to these fierce warriors who had come to own half the country.

#### Our First Empire

He tamed them; he made them forsake their idols; but the day came when we had Viking sovereigns, first Sweyn, and then his son Canute, a sovereign of noble character, who formed us into a great Empire—our first, an Empire embracing England and the Scandinavian countries.

The Vikings left here more than their bones. They created towns; they wrote their signature on our language. All the place-names ending in *by* are theirs; so are the *forces*, *nesses*, *fords*, and *holms*.

Lancashire has given us one of the most astonishing relics of those tremendous days. Last century workmen who were repairing the storm-damage done to the bank of the Ribble by a ford two miles from Preston discovered a great chest lined with lead and containing a Viking hoard of treasure.

#### Ten Thousand Silver Coins

Among it were a thousand coins of Alfred and 45 of Edward the Elder; but the bulk were Viking and had been minted at York by the Viking king of Northumbria. There were ten thousand coins all told, every one of them silver, and marvellously fresh and preserved; and with the coins were a thousand ounces of pure silver in ingots.

Experts worked out the story of the hoard, and reduced the date with certainty to the dawn of the tenth century, when a Viking army, retreating to Northumbria, was heavily defeated by the Saxons, and hid its booty here in the hope of returning in time of peace to retrieve it. They did not return, and the secret died with the hider, to be revealed by a storm more than 800 years later.

## LIFE GUARDS FOR OUR STREETS

Many lives of thoughtless and reckless people have been saved from drowning by the voluntary workers known as Life Guards at the seaside and other bathing places.

The National Safety First Council has thrown out the excellent suggestion that a similar body of men and women might act in the same way on our roads and warn young children from crossing in a dangerous way or from playing in streets through which too many road-hogs drive.

In London alone one in every 12 boys meets with a traffic accident during his school life.

## Pronunciations in This Paper

Achaia . . . . .	Ak-ay-yah
Glaucus . . . . .	Glaw-kus
Iapetus . . . . .	I-ap-et-us
Mimas . . . . .	My-mas
Sicyon . . . . .	Sish-e-on
Sobieski . . . . .	Sobe-yes-ke



## GARDENS

Who does not love a garden?

He whose garden has in it a few living things, a little splash of colour, a patch of green, and a leaf or two cannot be poor, for though high walls darken it and there are but a few yards of earth, he has wonder all about him.

There are kitchen gardens, and rose-gardens, and spacious gardens with smooth lawns and yew pleaches where Tudor courtiers strolled in the days when the mossy sundial was new. There are sunken gardens with rockeries, with masses of red and gold among the green, and showers of purple tumbling over the crannies. There are old-world cottage gardens, with Canterbury bells and hollyhocks rising like spires above the fence; herb gardens, and the gardens of Remembrance now scattered up and down our land: quiet, lovely spots where we may breathe the fragrance and think again of those whose names will live for evermore.

### Newton in His Garden

A poor man lifting potatoes in his garden and a rich man walking along his terraces and amid his flower-beds share a common satisfaction; and for those who have no gardens of their own there are public gardens and parks: Kew, Kensington, Hyde Park, and the glory of Hampton Court. We may be thankful, too, that we live in days when the gardens of some of the stately homes of England are thrown open from time to time.

It is said that the earliest known portrait painted by Gainsborough was of a man who had meant to steal the pears from his garden; and it was while Newton was in his garden that the fall of an apple turned his thoughts to an investigation which gave us the laws of gravitation. From the garden of Luther Burbank, the famous American botanist, have come stoneless plums, new kinds of berries, and the spineless cactus, a valuable new cattle-food. It was in a monastery garden at Brunn (in what is now Czechoslovakia) that old Mendel worked out the whole mystery of heredity; and in his garden at Downe Charles Darwin found much confirmation of his theory of the origin of species.

### The Poets

The boy Mendelssohn and the venerable Goethe met for the first time in a garden at Weimar; and Thomas Gray wrote much of his famous Elegy in a garden. The poets have always been at home in gardens. We have Tennyson singing "Come into the garden, Maud," and Wordsworth finding a world of wonder in his garden, where the flowers and birds and the springtime blossom all meant much to him.

Best-loved of all our garden poems, perhaps, is one, so often quoted, by Thomas Edward Brown, beginning "A garden is a lovesome thing, where he declares, 'Tis very sure God walks in mine."

"God Almighty first planted a garden (wrote Francis Bacon) and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures, the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man."

In the Bible we read of Naboth's vineyard, and of a garden of cucumbers. The first story in the Old Testament has for its scene the Garden of Eden; and the last scene in the ministry of Jesus was in the Garden of Gethsemane.

**The Litter Lout Raises Your Rates**  
*Put him down and keep them down*

## READY FOR THE ROAD

### The Car in the Old Old Far-Off Days

The grown-up papers are publishing their usual autumn serial, the list of new motor-cars from which we are invited to choose next season's model; and those of us who remember earlier days find it interesting to contrast modern prices and equipment with those of times gone by.

An English car in days less than thirty years ago, when sold to the purchaser, was something like a horse; it would go, but all its furnishings had to be provided at the cost of the buyer.

We recollect the purchase of one such car and the needs it revealed after it reached home. It had no hood, no headlights, no horn, and no under-shield to protect the engine from the dust and mire of muddy roads. It had accumulators, but neither dynamo nor magneto, no speedometer, no spare tyre; and a complete outfit of tools was the least of the expenses incurred after we had paid for the machine.

It was not quite so bad as the humorist's description of his car: Price £2500, with wheels £3000. But it is a fact that, beyond engine, chassis, and body, it was deficient in everything a car should have. Incredible as it may seem in these days of cheap saloons, that costly English car had not even a wind-screen.

### Some Puncture Problems

It was because they provided cars completely fitted out that Americans first secured their hold on our markets. It was they who taught us that even the cheaper makes should be ready for the road in all weathers, and by night as well as day.

The owner-driver was a rarity in those days. Cars were so complex and inefficient that they needed constant care, not only in the garage but on the road, and only chauffeurs were deemed capable of the work, a good deal of it performed lying on the back under the machine.

Most of the cars then were chain-driven, like steam-wagons, for it was thought that a live axle could never stand up to the work of any but the little toy cars. And the tyres! Poor weak things they were which a little thorn could penetrate and puncture.

To change an inner tube was a labour for a giant, for every outer cover was secured, not only by the valve bolt, but by four desperately long bolts through the rim of the wheel, each held in place by its own butterfly nut. Even then, lest the tyre should grow hot with friction, the space between the tube and the cover was filled with French chalk, so that changing a tube by the wayside left the operator looking like a miller in Sunday best.

## JOHN WESLEY'S CHAIR

### Back in Its Old Home

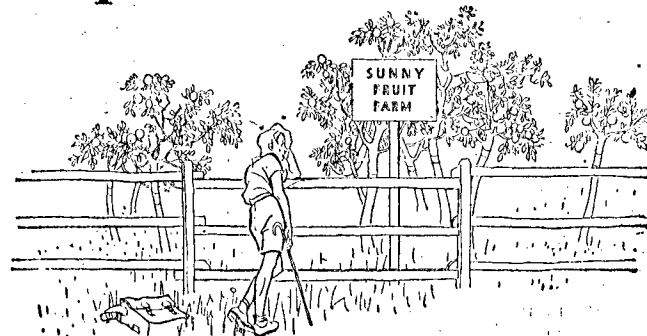
It is pleasant to know that Mrs Ambrose Lovall of Winscombe has given Wesley's Chippendale chair to the trustees of John Wesley's chapel in Broadmead, Bristol.

In the great days when he was shaping the life of his times Wesley used to lodge in the house over the chapel. The minister's vestry was his study, and there stood the chair.

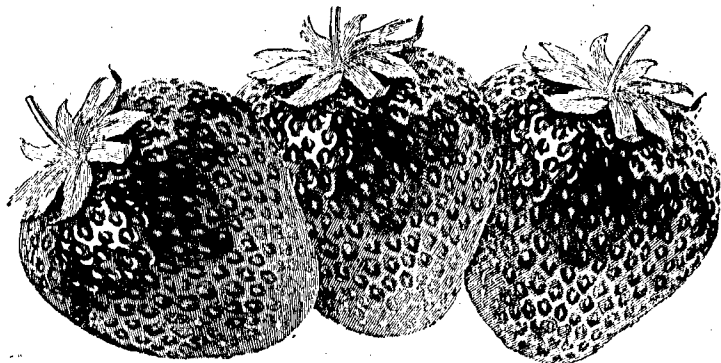
Eighty years ago the chapel was taken over by the Welsh Calvinist Methodists, who rearranged the vestry, and gave Wesley's chair to an elderly woman living in the house above. Her daughter sold it to Mrs Lovall's father, and it has been treasured by their family for over fifty years.

It has never been out of safe keeping, yet it is fitter that it should be back in its old place. Sitting in this old chair here, in Bristol, the very birthplace of Methodism, Wesley must have taken many of the great decisions which established his church on its enduring lines.

## Trespassers will be



prosecuted... but —



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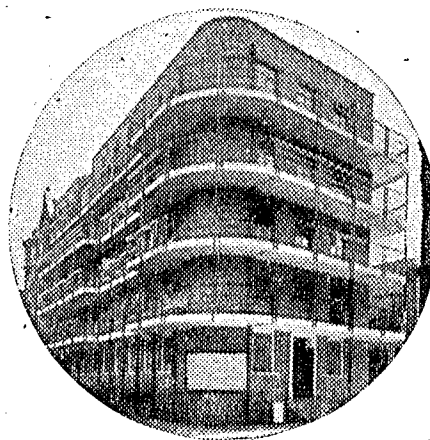
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THE HOSPITAL IS ENTIRELY DEPENDENT UPON  
VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS FOR ITS MAINTENANCE.

## FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

President: H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.  
Chairman: LORD KEMSLEY.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by the Secretary:

**THE INFANTS HOSPITAL**  
Vincent Square, Westminster, S.W.1.



# THE CHARIOT RACE

## What Has Happened Before

Olympia approaching, all Greece is discussing the coming event. Leonidas, who is entering his horses for the great chariot-race, is flattered by a visit from the noble Agnon, who has come "to offer his advice." He is quickly disillusioned, however, for Agnon is furious that "a mere farmer should seek to snatch the palm from the hands of the nobles," and his advice to Leonidas is that he shall at once withdraw.

However, when he has seen the beautiful milk-white creatures he can only declare his astonishment and admiration.

## CHAPTER 5.

### The Message

To Glaucus and Philip, after the visit of Agnon, the days began to pass with rising excitement now that they had heard with their own staggered ears the great man's high opinion of the four horses over whom they watched by day and night, the bedroom they shared being over the stables. But whereas Philip's delight in the prospects of victory was whole-hearted, the nearer Olympia was coming the more Glaucus fumed over his master's refusal to enter him for the youths' foot-races.

"There is time yet to send my name to the judges," he growled. "Did not Philonides, as Critias hath informed me, run twelve hundred stadia in one day from Sicyon to Elis? Who shall deny that I might exceed the exploits of Philonides if the master were persuaded to give me a chance?"

This grumbling tired Philip. "Nay, Glaucus," he answered. "Leonidas hath promised to enter thee at the next Olympiad."

"Five years hence!" Glaucus protested. "Must I wait full five years for the dried figs and nuts and the *maza* bread of the athletes! Not I! I will leave the employ of our grudging Leonidas that I may be free to enter my name for the Games on the Isthmus of Corinth next season."

"Oh, please thyself!" retorted Philip impatiently. "Yet would I remind thee that Leonidas is a good master and in thy place I would think twice and thrice ere I left him."

"Bah! You! You are only fit to curry-comb horses! You have no ambition, Philip, no spirit, no courage."

Philip's nostrils quivered like those of a high-mettled steed and suddenly a fire burned in his eyes. "Have I no ambition!" he answered in a high voice. "I am all ambition—to see my four beauties triumph. I love them, and thou knowest that they love me. I whisper to them of the glory for which they were foaled. And they hearken to my voice and they listen for my step. Ambition!" he echoed. "My ambition is real, Glaucus. Thine is a fantasy. As the myth that Flash of Light's name was found by thyself. I did not contradict thee in front of Agnon; but well must thou remember that I found that name."

"Hark to the orator! Hath he finished?" sneered Glaucus. "Can your ambition lend our horses more speed? Can any wish of yours add wings to their feet? Nor can you stir one finger to help them to victory."

"And wherefore this wrangling?" Another voice had joined in. It was that of Leonidas, who had entered the stables.

"O master," Glaucus cried out, "I was but saying that yet you have time to enter my name for the Games."

"Time and enough," uttered Leonidas, without encouragement.

"Think, then, of the honour you and I bring to Elis together, master. The chariot-race to Leonidas! The youths' foot-race to Glaucus! Our little city shall vie with proud Athens in lustre."

"Yea," said Leonidas dryly, "I dare say it would. But now, O windbag, get you back to your work. You have my promise to send you to the next Olympiad. And then you shall measure yourself against men. Rest content."

He passed along to the stalls, and was leaving again when running across the yard there came one of his house-servants, who carried in his hand a small wooden tablet.

"A message, O Leonidas!" he announced.

Leonidas took the tablet. It was covered with wax, and writing had been pricked on the wax with a stylus. He inquired who had brought it.

"A stranger," was the response.

"You refresh him at the house in case answer be needed?"

"Nay, master. For he told me there was no answer. He but left the writing and took his departure at once."

"Then tis clearly of little importance," muttered Leonidas, as, dismissing the servant, he made his way to his porch, where

## Serial Story by Gunby Hadath

he seated himself to crack the nut of the tablet, claiming little skill in deciphering the written word, a trick, he averred, more becoming to bookmen than to those who worked on the land. So it came about that many long minutes ensued, with much puckering of eyes and twisting of forehead, before he arrived at the message's core. And then he doubted if he had got it aright.

He was very loth to believe he had read it aright.

He called within to his servant. "You assure me that a stranger brought this?" he demanded.

"I am certain, O master."

"Which way did he go when he left?"

"He turned his steps toward the city."

"Follow him, then. And find him, and bring him back swiftly."

"I go," the servant answered, girding his tunic.

Then Leonidas rose and went also, but not toward the city. He went to seek Critias in the lodge by the paddock. And having found the charioteer newly come from the bath which he always took after exercising his horses, "Now, my Critias," uttered Leonidas, with abashed features, "of a surety your eyes are younger than mine. Lo! I have here a certain crabbed writing which puzzleth me somewhat. Or mayhap I misread it."

The charioteer, who was massaging shoulders and arms, smiled pleasantly and held out his hand for the tablet.

Leonidas watched his face anxiously while he was reading.

Then away went the honest man's generous doubts. For Critias had stamped his foot with anger. "Tis the work of a dastard!" he burst out. "Shall I shatter it, as it deserves, O Leonidas?" And, taking the tablet between his two powerful hands, he made as though to snap it into two pieces.

But Leonidas stayed him. "Nay, not so, O Critias!" he cried. "Prithee read it me first, to make sure that our reading accords."

"You have read it, then?"

"Aye. But supposed that mine eyes had deceived me."

"Hear, then, O Leonidas," said the charioteer gently. "But take it not to

heart. For tis vapid as the worthless dust in the arena. Hear now:

*Leonidas is warned to take heed of himself should he send his chariot and horses to Olympia. For as surely as the sun sets and the moon riseth, so surely shall the wrath of the Furies descend on him, utterly destroying him and his house. Take heed, then, Leonidas. Journey not to Olympia.*

## CHAPTER 6

### No Mortal Messenger

THEN Critias inquired whence the writing had come.

"Twas a runner, who came bearing it in his split wand. Having left it, he went off hot-foot. I have sent a servant after him, to recover him."

"That is well, for we must learn who utters such threat. It doth not occur to you, maybe, that Agnon hath hand on this?"

"By the heel of Achilles, not so!" cried Leonidas roundly.

"Yet jealousy gnawed him."

"Mayhap. And when Agnon came on his visit last week he did verily try to dissuade me from running my beauties. But after he had viewed them his attitude altered, for verily is Agnon a lover of horses, and truly did he exult in the grace of my team. Nor will you forget, my Critias, how ere he took leave he wished me success at Olympia with all his great heart."

"I do not forget. Nor do I mistrust him," owned Critias.

"The illustrious Agnon would never stoop to such guile."

"And yet they tell me," continued the charioteer thoughtfully, "that he stands to lose vastly by failure this year at Olympia. He needs victory, they say, to repair his repute in Achaia, which in one way and another hath suffered of late. He hath been also, they tell me, counting on victory; he hath reckoned it as already inscribed on his chariot."

"Who tells you that, Critias?"

"My comrade Persus of Crete, who is driving for Agnon. But guard my counsel to yourself, O Leonidas, for a charioteer must keep his mouth shut and his eyes open, and I would not have it reported that Critias be tale-bearer."

"None shall hear from me of that which you whisper of Agnon. But give me your private opinion, would he stoop so low, think you?"

## JACKO GOES HOME

IT is always sad when holidays come to an end. When Mother Jacko went upstairs to pack Jacko darted out to have a last look at the sea.

"Lovely day for a sail," the old fisherman was saying.

Jacko groaned. Dare he? He'd love a last sail in the Saucy Sally.

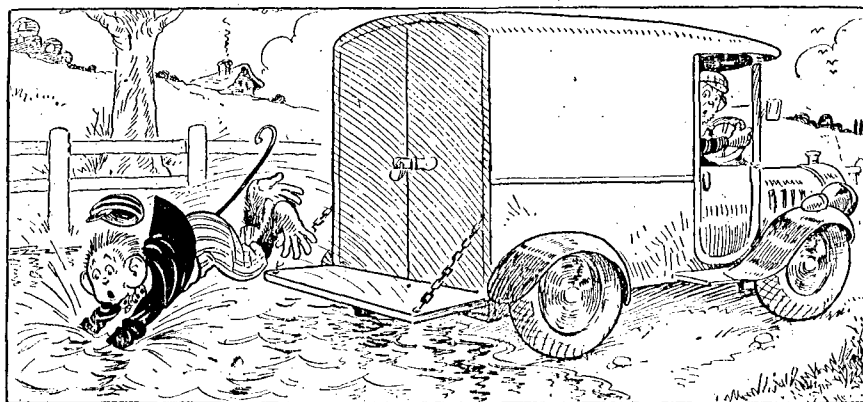
He put his hand in his pocket. Yes, there was just sixpence left. He skipped

He was in a pretty fix, and no mistake.

While he stood wondering what to do a big furniture van passed him. Jacko recognised the name on it. What a stroke of luck—a load of stuff going back to Monkeyville!

He dashed after it, sprang up on the tail-board, settled himself, and began to feel quite happy again.

But he wasn't happy long. After they



The van suddenly leapt forward

up the little gangway, sprang on board, and squatted down in the bows.

It was a glorious afternoon, bright sunshine and enough breeze to give you a bit of a tossing. When the sail swung over almost into the water Jacko's grin grew broader. It was fine!

It was well after teatime when they got back. Running up the beach, Jacko caught sight of the clock—and nearly fainted.

"Coo!" he murmured. "They'll have gone."

They had. And so had the train. And so, alas! had Jacko's return ticket!

had gone about half-way something went wrong with the engine. The van proceeded by fits and starts.

Jacko wriggled along to the side of the seat and leaned over to see what was happening. He chose an unfortunate moment. Suddenly the van leapt forward, swung round a corner—and shot Jacko head first in a duck pond!

Poor Jacko! He was a sorry sight when he arrived home, some hours later. He looked so wretched that Mother Jacko not only forgave him on the spot, but gave him the best part of Father's supper.

"Nay," Critias declared frankly, "I think he would not. The haughty Agnon would never demean himself so, nor employ craven weapon. Nay, it cannot be Agnon who sends this. What enemies have you?"

"There are none that I wot of, my Critias. Yet those whom the high gods have blessed earn envy of mortals, and, seeing how I am blessed in my four milk-white steeds, it may be that envious minds are consorting against me."

Then they waited impatiently for the servant's return. At last he came, and, although the heat had abated sufficiently for Critias to school the horses once more, the beads of sweat were streaming down the man's body with the haste at which he had sped on his errand.

"What tidings, Cleophanes?"

"None, master," responded the servant, panting for breath. "I followed in the messenger's wake to the city, but, fast as I sped, he sped faster. There were no signs of him."

"Did you ask had he passed the gates?"

"I did beyond doubt. But none remembered him passing. So then I scoured the city, inquiring of all. Not one could recall him."

"Passing strange," observed Critias.

"More than strange," breathed the servant. "Like phantom that runner hath come. Like phantom he fadeth."

"Like phantom!" murmured Leonidas in an awed voice, his superstition stirring strongly within him. "Like phantom! Did you hear that, man?" he said in a whisper to Critias. "Twas no mortal messenger who carried those tidings. Twas the emissary in mortal guise of the Dread Sisters."

"An emissary of the Furies? Not so," spake Critias. "Is this tablet no more than a wraith? See! Hath it not substance?" And he held the wax tablet out on the palms of his hands.

"And have not Jove's thunderbolts substance?" countered Leonidas. "Yet are they not hurled from Olympus by his own hand. There is nothing, then, in your argument."

"Perhaps not," owned Critias. "And yet," he maintained, "incredible as it may seem and beyond all experience that a stranger with the conspicuous wand of the runner can pass in and out of a city without any perceiving him—"

"Is Hermes perceived when he speeds on the errands of the gods?"

"Nay, pose me not with riddles, gentle Leonidas. Miraculous as it may appear, I repeat, before accepting that word as the word of the Furies I would first exhaust all inquiry. For example, I might ask of that vain puppy Glaucus, whose resentment burns that he may not run at the Games, how much or how little of this mysterious stranger he knows."

Leonidas, terribly troubled, went off to tax Glaucus.

He dragged him out of the stables and led him apart. But, though candidly confessing his feeling of soreness, the lad showed no signs of a guilty conscience beyond that, and when required to take oath that he knew nothing of the messenger he gravely made haste to comply.

Then, in fairness to Glaucus, Leonidas taxed Philip, though confident that he knew nothing about it. Then Jason, his groom; and finally Cleophanes was dispatched again to the city, to press more vigorously for word of the messenger.

It was after the evening meal, when the sun was declining, that Cleophanes returned with a downcast expression. "I have searched," he reported, with terror, "here, there, and everywhere, but none have I found who remember perceiving the runner. Of a verity, then, that runner with his cleft wand was no messenger of flesh and blood like ourselves, master."

"I agree with you. Yet you had speech with him when he arrived. Did his manner seem strange? Did his voice?"

"Yea, and now I think of it," Cleophanes answered, "his manner did seem strange, O hapless Leonidas. And strange it appeared that he had no occasion to rest him. Nor would he quaff from the cup which I offered him, master. Never yet have I known mortal runner who owned to no thirst."

"Nor I," quoth Leonidas gloomily. "You have done well, Cleophanes, resolving the last of my doubts. Yet I would those had stayed with me, for now I am at my wit's end how to proceed."

"O master, defy not the Furies," the old servant begged him.

"Yet must I defy them or abandon my life-long ambition."

"But how shall ambition serve a ruined house, master, or how be gratified against the will of the Fates! If you send your white horses to Olympia disaster shall await them."

TO BE CONTINUED



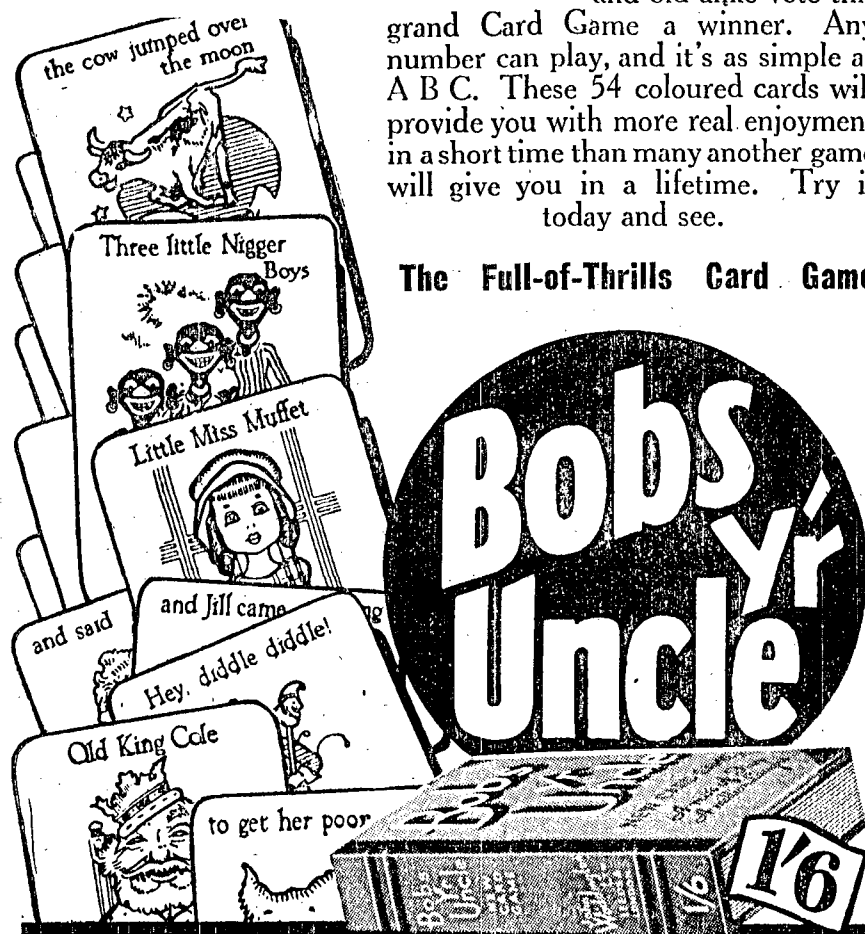
# BACK AGAIN!



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Sweet, juicy fruit is sweeter and more juicy still inside the tender crust of an "Atora" pudding. How the children dote on it! The wisest thing mothers can do is to cook the fresh season's fruit in a pudding, the crust made light and delicious with Hugon's "Atora," the good Beef Suet. Here is healthful food, dainty and appetising, suited to the season, and containing the vital nourishment that children need in Summer as well as Winter.

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**Cook the Fruit in Season  
in an "ATORA" Pudding**



The Children's Newspaper will be delivered every week at any house in the world for 11s a year. See below.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 5, 1936

Every Thursday 2d

Arthur Mee's Children's Encyclopedia will be delivered anywhere by the Educational Book Co., Tallis Street, E.C.4.

## THE BRAN TUB DO YOU KNOW THESE WHEELS?

### Transposition

MY whole's a sad catastrophe,  
When none to help are nigh it;  
Curtail, transpose, and you will see  
Who mostly suffer by it.

Answer next week

### This Week in Nature

THE dotterel begins to migrate. It is most commonly seen on fallow land and ploughed fields in districts high up. It breeds in moss-covered mountains and seems to favour parts frequently obscured by rain or mist. The eggs, usually three in number, are coloured yellowish-olive with brownish-black markings. The dotterel has a general plumage of brown, with white on each side of the head. The breast is fawn and chestnut with a band of white above and a dark line below.

### Something There

A CONCEITED young man who was fond of hearing his own voice broke into the conversation. "I've got a terrible cold in my head," he said. "Hm!" grunted an elderly listener. "That's better than nothing."

### NATURE'S NAMESAKES



### Charade

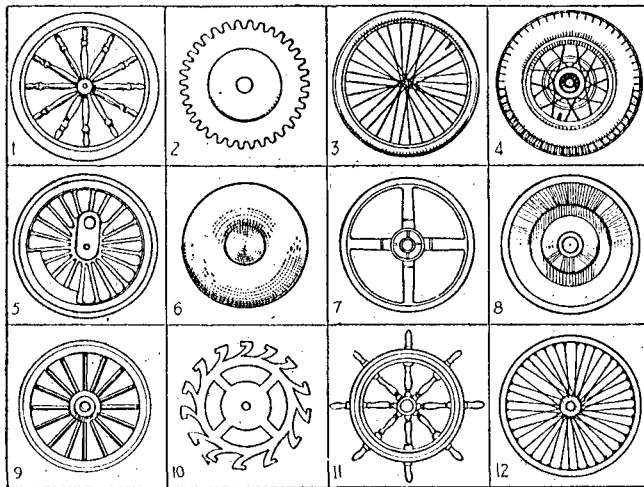
WITH my first all Nature teems,  
E'en in the silent grave;  
My second's use is found, it seems,  
But on the liquid wave;  
My whole's a species of my last,  
To save my first designed,  
And oft has from the stormy blast  
Plucked those to death consigned.

Answer next week

### What is Made From the Pig

WE told in the C N the other day of silk being made out of a sow's ear. Many things may be made from the pig, and farmers in Canada have added millions of pounds to their income by the wise disposal of their pigs. Some of the inedible parts are used for the manufacture of bristles, book covers, upholstering, plaster, glue, gelatine, gloves, belts, and shoes. From the fat of the pig such things

## Half-a-Guinea and Twenty Model Speedboats for Clever Girls and Boys



THE life of the world could not be carried on without the wheel. It has thousands of uses on land, at sea, and in the air.

The pictures above show twelve wheels that are familiar in modern life, and boys and girls of 15 or under are asked to identify them. For the correct or nearest correct list a prize of half-a-guinea is offered, and for the 20 next best attempts splendid clockwork speedboats will be given. These boats of all-metal construction are nine and a half inches long, and they will appeal equally to boys and girls.

All the wheels shown above are included in the following list:

Aeroplane landing-wheel, Bicycle wheel, Cart wheel, Chair castor, Circular saw, Cog-wheel, Locomotive wheel, Motor-car wheel, Motor-car steering-wheel, Motor-cycle wheel, Paddle wheel, Pithead winding wheel, Pulley wheel, Roller-skate wheel, Ship's steering wheel, Spinning wheel, Tractor wheel, Tram wheel, Watch escapement wheel.

Your list should be numbered as in the pictures and written on a postcard, which should also bear your name, address, and age. In the event of ties the prizes will be awarded to senders of the best-written attempts and age will be taken into account.

Postcards must be addressed to C N Competition No. 8, 1 Tallis House, London, E.C.4 (Comp.), and posted to arrive not later than first post on Friday, September 11. There is no entry fee, and the Editor's decision must be accepted as final. Families connected with the Amalgamated Press may not compete.

### Ice on Parle Français



La fleur des champs wild flower  
Le terrain communal common  
Le papillon butterfly

J'ai cueilli un bouquet de fleurs des champs sur le terrain communal. Voyez, un papillon est perché dessus.

I have picked a bunch of wild flowers from the common. See, a butterfly has perched on it.

### Beheaded Word

COMPLETE, I'm unpleasant to hear;  
Behead, I'm not so to the taste;  
Behead again, there's a great deal  
Of what scribbles too often waste.

Answer next week

### The Maid of Crewe

SAID a quaint little maiden of Crewe,  
Who came out of the sea looking blue:  
"The sea's not polite,  
It gave me a fright;  
When I sat on a wave I went through!"

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

What Am I? A coat.

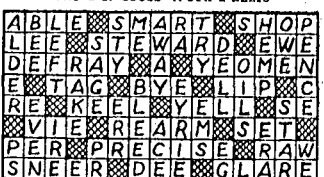
### A Holiday Picture Acrostic

Caravan, owl, station, oak, ladder, river, meadow, yacht, camp, engine, trap—MOTORCYCLES.

### Enigma. Tomorrow.

A Puzzle Poem. Wasp, bee, moth, gnat, ant, mantis, fly, midge.

### The C N Cross Word Puzzle



### Five-Minute Story

#### The Wild West Club

JOAN and Jerry sat at a picnic meal by the little brook that ran through the meadows near the market-garden that their father had just started.

"It's lovely here in the country, of course," Joan was saying, "but I suppose we shall have to wait till we begin school before we make any friends."

But Jerry was thinking out an idea. "We'll send a message by water and see what luck it brings," he said.

"By water?" exclaimed Joan. "How?"

Jerry soon showed her. Inside a gingerbeer bottle they had just emptied he safely corked a note which said:

"Joan and Jerry Webb, at Minster Market Garden, would like to make friends with any jolly boys and girls living anywhere about."

"Off you go!" he said to the bottle, and sent it dipping and bobbing down stream.

Later in the day the two young Webbs, having forgotten all about the bottle, were working in their front garden when the sound of scampering feet in the lane outside made them look up, just as the wide gate was flung open to admit a rabble of wild-looking Red Indians.

"Palefaces! Whoo! Scalp them!" yelled the invaders. And then began a mad chase as the Webbs tore for the house, too startled by the sudden invasion and the rain of arrows that fell all about them to remember that Red Indians would not be likely to speak English.

However, the wild yells brought Mrs Webb running out of doors, and as Joan and Jerry reached the house the howling mob at their heels pulled up and began to shriek with laughter.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Mrs Webb, staring at the strange creatures in amazement.

An Indian chief stepped up nearer, grinning widely at Joan and Jerry.

"My name is Jimmy Sargent, when I'm at home," he explained. "Didn't you send a bottled S O S for jolly boy and girl friends?" he went on. "Well, I fished it out when I was paddling in the brook, so I rounded up all I knew. We call ourselves the Wild West Club, and we get up all sorts of little shows in the village for town children's holiday funds. What do you say to joining the club?"

The newcomers looked amusedly round at all the painted faces.

"Fine!" cried Jerry; Joan adding laughingly: "As you evidently don't do any scalping I'd love to join too."



## EVERY MEAL

By cleaning your teeth after every meal you guard them against decay, which brings toothache and pain.

If you wish to keep your teeth white and sparkling all your life, clean them after every meal and visit your dentist regularly.

## Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Fill in and post the coupon below and a free sample tube will be sent to you.

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Please send me a week's free sample tube of Euthymol Tooth Paste.

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## LINGFORDS IODIZED SALTS

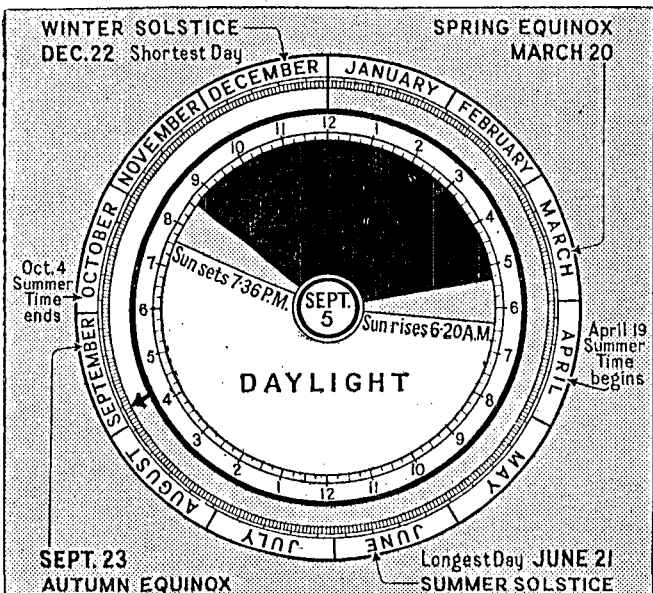
Doctors praise it—Children love it!  
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The C N Calendar. This calendar shows daylight, twilight, and darkness on September 5. The days are now getting shorter. The arrow indicating the date shows at a glance how much of the year has elapsed.